

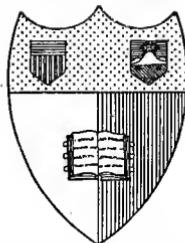
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THE OLD-SPELLING SHAKESPEARE :
Being the Works of Shakespeare in the
Spelling of the best Quarto and Folio Texts
Edited by F. J. Furnivall and the late
W. G. Boswell-Stone.



THE MERRY WIUES OF WINDSOR

William Shakespeare

EDITED BY

F. J. FURNIVALL, M.A., PH.D., D.LITT.

HONORARY FELLOW OF TRINITY HALL, CAMBRIDGE
FOUNDER AND DIRECTOR OF THE NEW SHAKSPERE SOCIETY, ETC.
FELLOW OF THE BRITISH ACADEMY

INTRODUCTION AND NOTES

BY

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The Merry Wiues of Windsor

INTRODUCTION.

DATE

THE exact date of composition of the *Merry Wives of Windsor* has been the subject of much discussion. It was first entered in the Stationers' Register on January 18, 1601-2, which forms a downward limit, but practically all who have interested themselves have agreed that it was written at least as early as Christmas 1599. The evidence is exceedingly meagre, and consists chiefly in two traditions of a somewhat shadowy nature. The first of these is the well-known one that Queen Elizabeth was so delighted with the character of Falstaff that her royal mandate was given to Shakespeare to write a play showing the fat knight in love, and that in response this comedy was written in the short space of fourteen days. From what we know of the character of good Queen Bess, there is, perhaps, an inherent probability in this, but the first reference to the story occurs over a hundred years after the event, when Pope's adversary, John Dennis, alluded to it in a preface to his own work, *The Comical Gallant*, an 'improved' version of the *Merry Wives*, and it is also brought forward by Gildon a few years later in a short biography of Shakespeare. This has been generally accepted, and the laying of the scene at Windsor, and certain lines in the fairy-scenes of the last act, lend a certain, if not very tangible, support to it. Mainly on the strength of this evidence, it has been thought necessary to throw back the date as near as possible to the first appearance of the two Falstaffian plays, *Henry IV*, Pt. 1 and Pt. 2, on the ground that the declining years of the Queen were marked by an entire lack of participation in amusement; this argument loses its force, however, when it

The Merry Wiues of Windsor.

is remembered that Elizabeth enjoyed dancing till within two or three years of her death.

According to this theory the play must have followed very closely on *2 Henry IV*, in which a promise is made of continuing the play with Sir John in it ; or *Henry V*, in which Falstaff's death is reported. It is noteworthy that on the title page of the first Quarto special mention is made of Corporal Nym, whose part in the *Merry Wives* is confined to a few lines ; and it is difficult to account for this—or even for his introduction into the play—except on the ground that he was a known character. There is, perhaps, plausibility in the suggestion of Dr. Johnson that the public disappointment occasioned by the non-appearance of Falstaff in *Henry V* found its echo in the royal command.

On these grounds it may be said that the probability is that the *Merry Wives* followed *Henry V* ; the argument that the death of Falstaff in the latter work would preclude his revival in a play of which the time is clearly intended to be while Henry V was still the ‘madcap Prince of Wales’ seems totally invalid. Accepting this, the latter part of 1599 may be set down as the probable date of composition.

The tradition that Shallow was a caricature of Lucy has received acceptance from many commentators ; nothing that is known of Lucy's character would justify us in believing that the immortal Justice was a full-length portrait of Shakespeare's reputed old enemy ; but ‘the dozen white lutes,’ the deer-stealing and Shallow's exaggerated anger at the incident, and Falstaff's summary, ‘Twere better for you it were known in counsel ; you'll be laughed at,’ suggest irresistibly that Lucy's behaviour is satirically referred to in this scene. As Sir Thomas Lucy died in July 1600 it is obviously improbable that the play was composed after this date, if this tradition is to be accepted in any part or form. This agrees with the conclusion that the play followed closely on *Henry V* at latest.

There is no internal evidence to place the play within anything like narrow limits ; in fact, the only way in which it is helpful is that the style and composition bespeak rapidity of construction, which is consistent with the fourteen days which were allotted to its production by the tradition. The Fenton and Anne Page part of the plot would surely have been more poetical and

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elaborate had the author not been hurried ; and minor confusions of time, etc., point to the same conclusion.

THE SOURCE

Several stories have been claimed to be the original of various incidents of the play. The only one, however, that bears any tangible resemblance to the general scheme is an adaptation of one of Straparola's novels printed in Tarlton's *News out of Purgatory*, where a youth Lionello is in love with the beautiful wife of a jealous old doctor of four-score, named Mutio. Ignorant of Mutio's relation with his mistress, Lionello confides in him and receives every apparent assistance from him ; assignations are appointed which the youth confides to Mutio, who interrupts them at the critical moment on three consecutive occasions, on each of which Lionello is successfully hidden. Eventually, by a trick, the laugh is turned against Mutio, who is so disturbed that he dies shortly, and Lionello marries his wife. Here, perhaps, is the germ of the Falstaff-Ford portion, and the remainder may easily be set down to Shakespeare's invention. The unreasonably jealous husband was a constant theme for comedy : Kitely in *Every Man in His Humour*, the Husband in *Amends for Ladies*, and Antonio in *The Coxcomb*, are examples that readily occur.

TEXT

The first Quarto edition was, as has been said, published in 1602. Seventeen years later a second one appeared, which was practically a reprint of the former. In the Folio of 1623 the *Merry Wives* occupies twenty-two pages, and is more than twice as long as it is in the former editions. The relation of the Quarto and Folio texts, therefore, requires some examination. It has been hazarded that the Quarto text represents a 'first sketch' of the play, and that of the Folio the play as it appeared after revision by Shakespeare at some period during the reign of James I. Had this been so I think we should have found more attention given to the Fenton and Anne Page portion, and also a complete revision of much of the blank verse, which is so

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many places is far beneath the ordinary level. It seems much more probable that the Quarto was obtained by piracy, and that the representation witnessed was a shortened form of the play. When the length of Shakespeare's plays is considered it can scarcely be doubted that it must have become a frequent practice to curtail and condense them, on certain occasions at least, to fit in more approximately with 'the two-hours' traffic of the stage'; and this view is consistent in that the Quarto contains almost everything that is essential to the plot. This opinion is put forward with considerable strength by Mr. Daniel in his introduction to the Quarto Facsimile.

There are in the Folio edition certain allusions that have been taken to show that the play as we have it there was written in James I's reign. Many of these are entirely superficial, and the few that remain may easily have been put in by the actors themselves. The play is one that is eminently adapted to the introduction of topical allusions, and such a popular jest as 'these knights will hack' in reference to the somewhat profuse creation of knights in the early part of that king's reign surely cannot be said to show any trace of Shakespeare's hand. I scarcely think it is necessary to assume that the Folio edition has come down to us from an original that was materially faulty. Mr. Daniel is impressed by the early disappearance of Pistol and Nym from the play, also by the promise of a new sub-plot when Dr. Caius and Evans announce their intention of revenging themselves against the Host, who has fooled them. This may, I think, reasonably be put down to the quickness with which the work was composed. Shakespeare probably found that the material he already had was amply sufficient, and so dispensed with the services of two characters he had no longer any use for in the main plot; and, viewed in this light, the first-sketch and later-revision theory is again discounted.

There is a palpable blunder with regard to the time-analysis of the play in Act III, sc. v. Mr. Daniel was the first to discover this; Falstaff is apparently fresh from his bath, and yet in the same scene the morning has already come. Mr. Daniel's solution is an ingenious and plausible one—to alter 'this morning' in III. v. 23, to 'in the morning,' and commence a new scene after the exit of Mrs. Quickly.

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THE HORSE-STEALING INCIDENT IN ACT IV, SC. V.

The cozening of the Host is thought to be an allusion to an episode that may have occurred in connection with the visit of Mumpellgart in 1592. The 'cozen garmombles' of the Quarto is sufficiently close to be considered an anagram of the name, as he is addressed as Cousin Mumpellgart in Elizabeth's letters to him. It is known that this Count stayed at Windsor and Reading for two or three days, and it is also known that he had at certain times of his visit the privilege of being able on his bare authority to press horses into his service without paying for them. Such being the case, it is quite possible that some clever rogues may have represented themselves as coming from him and obtained horses with which they decamped, leaving no trace behind, and so cheated the unfortunate owner much in the same manner as the Host in the play. Further light is needed before this can be entirely cleared up, but the episode has every appearance of being a topical allusion, and the reference to the 'Garmaine Duke' and the 'garmombles' help to form a fairly strong case for connecting it with the visit of this Count. The plea that such a reference to a distinguished visitor would be distasteful to the Queen is met by the fact that Mumpellgart—or, as he was in 1597, the Duke of Wurtemburg—has been found to have given cause of offence to Elizabeth in some way, as appears from some decidedly acrimonious letters which she wrote to him.

THE CHARACTERS

The characterisation in the *Merry Wives* maintains a consistent level of excellence without ever being deep or subtle, the interest of the play depending more on situation and the humour of the actual story than in most plays of Shakespeare. The deterioration of Falstaff which makes itself felt in *2 Henry IV* is here complete: there are, it is true, flashes of the old spirit in his interviews with Brooke, and his cajoling of Simple, but taken as a whole he is a mere shadow of his former self. Pistol, Nym and Bardolph are old friends—the first two being entirely artificial of the type which is developed in the Jonsonian

The Merry Wiues of Windsor.

comedies. It is impossible to identify the Mistress Quickly of this play with the Hostess of *2 Henry IV*. She is, indeed, inclined to garrulity and errors of speech, but she is far more nimble of intellect than her namesake of the earlier play, and succeeds in fooling Falstaff and the various lovers of Anne Page. Shakespeare seems to have intended that she should be the same as the Quickly of *Henry V*: her somewhat free reference to the Deity is a mark of similarity, and it is to be noted that Pistol is kept on the stage throughout the whole of the interview between Falstaff and Quickly—when his presence is dramatically most inappropriate—apparently for the sole purpose of announcing his intention of making her his ‘prize,’ in which capacity she appears in *Henry V*. The ‘merry but honest’ wives need no analysis; Sir Hugh Evans is not uninteresting, but is far inferior to the inimitable Fluellen. The Host is certainly a clever sketch: his bustling importance, his self-consciousness and self-confidence, and his quaintly-garbled phraseology, make him perhaps the most original character in the play. He may well be compared with Blague in the whimsically-charming play, the *Merry Devil of Edmonton*, which probably was written soon after the *Merry Wives*. The remaining characters are well-known types and call for no particular comment.

NOTICE

In the Text, black type (Clarendon or *Sans-serif*) is used for all emendations and insertions.

When the First *Folio* reading is corrected by a *Quarto*, a mark (*, †, ‡, §) is set to such reading.

In the Notes ‘Q’ means the First *Quarto*, 1602. ‘F’ means the First *Folio* of 1623, from which the Play is edited. ‘F2,’ the Second *Folio* of 1632 (whose emendations are not treated as Shakspere’s).

¶ in the Text, means that the speaker turns and speaks to a fresh person.

Words having now a different stress from the Elizabethan, are generally accented, for the reader’s convenience, as ‘exile,’ &c. When *-ed* final is pronounced as a separate syllable, the *e* is printed ē.

THE NAMES OF ALL THE ACTORS,

Set down in the order of their Oncoming, with References to their first Speeches in every Scene. (A Star () to a Scene means that the Actor doesn't speak in it.)*

Iustice SHALLOW of the County of Gloucester, Justice of Peace, Esquire, I.i.1, p. 1; II.i.172, p. 30; II.iii.16, p. 44; III.i.34, p. 49; III.ii.43, p. 54; III.iv.22, p. 65; IV.ii.113, p. 81; V.ii.7, p. 98.

Master Abraham SLENDER, (an Idiot,) nephew to Iustice SHALLOW, and wishing to marry ANNE PAGE, I.i.5, p. 1; II.iii.18, p. 44; III.i.37, p. 49; III.ii.43, p. 54; III.iv.24, p. 65; V.ii.3, p. 98; V.v.167, p. 108.

Sir Hugh EUANS, Parson, a Welshman, also wishing to marry ANNE PAGE, I.i.17, p. 2; I.ii.1, p. 12; III.i.1, p. 47; III.ii.43, p. 54; III.iii.149, p. 61; IV.i.9, p. 75; IV.ii.111, p. 81; IV.iv.1, p. 85; IV.v.65, p. 92; V.iv.1, p. 100; (as a Satyre or Welsh Fairy), V.v.48, p. 102.

Master George PAGE, a Burgess (?) of Windsor, Father of ANNE PAGE, I.i.62, p. 3; II.i.122, p. 27; II.iii.17, p. 44; III.i.38, p. 49; III.ii.43, p. 54; III.iii.145, p. 61; III.iv.62, p. 67; IV.ii.109, p. 81; IV.iv.3, p. 86; V.ii.1, p. 98; V.v.99, p. 105.

Sir John FALSTAFFE or FALSTOFFE, a drinking, thieving, lying, lecherous, witty & humourful Knight, I.i.95, p. 4; I.ii.1, p. 12; II.ii.1, p. 32; III.iii.36, p. 57; III.v.1, p. 69; IV.ii.1, p. 77; IV.v.21, p. 90; V.i.1, p. 97; (with a Bucks head as HERNE the Hunter), V.v.1, p. 100.

BARDOLPH (or BARDOLFE), one of FALSTAFFES drinking & thieving Attendants, afterwards Drawer at the Garter Inn, I.i.113, p. 5; I.ii.18, p. 13; II.ii.128, p. 37; III.v.2, p. 69; IV.iii.1, p. 85; IV.v.57, p. 92.

PISTOLL, a bragging Attendant of FALSTAFFES, I.i.115, p. 5; I.ii.19, p. 13; II.i.96, p. 26; II.ii.2, p. 32; (as Crier Hob-goblin), V.v.41, p. 102.

NYM, a humoured Attendant of FALSTAFFES, I.i.117, p. 5; I.ii.20, p. 13; II.i.113, p. 27.

Mistresse FORD, one of The Merry Wives of Windsor, wife to Master Frank FORD, I.i.172, p. 7; II.i.27, p. 24; III.ii.1, p. 55; IV.ii.7, p. 77; IV.iv.25, p. 86; V.ii.11, p. 99; V.v.16, p. 101.

Mistresse Margaret (or Meg) PAGE, the other of The Merry Wives of Windsor, wife to Master George PAGE, I.i.176, p. 8; II.i.1, p. 23; III.ii.1, p. 52; III.iii.2, p. 56; III.iv.67, p. 67; IV.i.1, p. 75; IV.ii.8, p. 77; IV.iv.5, p. 86; V.ii.1, p. 99; V.v.29, p. 101.

Peter SIMPLE, man to Master SLENDER, I.i.186, p. 8; I.ii.5, p. 12; I.iv.15, p. 17; III.i.5, p. 47; III.ii.1, p. 54; IV.v.3, p. 89.

ANNE PAGE, daughter of Master George and Mistresse Margaret PAGE, In love with Master FENTON, I.i.236, p. 9; III.iv.3, p. 64; as Queen of the Fairies, V.v.36, p. 102; as FENTON'S Bride, V.v.200, p. 110.

The Names of all the Actors.

Mine HOST of the Garter Inn, Windsor, I.iii.2, p. 12; II.i.170, p. 30; II.iii.15, p. 44; III.i.70, p. 50; III.ii.43, p. 54; IV.iii.4, p. 85; IV.v.1, p. 89; IV.vi.1, p. 95.

ROBIN, FALSTAFFES skirted Page or Boy, I.iii.*, p. 12; II.ii.27, p. 33; III.ii.4, p. 55; III.iii.21, p. 56.

*Mistress QUICKLY, 'doe-all' to Master Doctor CAIUS, and knower of ANNE PAGES mind, Liv.x, p. 17; II.i.143, p. 28; II.ii.29, p. 34; III.iv.28, p. 66; III.v.22, p. 70; IV.i.2, p. 75; IV.v.93, p. 94; V.i.5, p. 97; (as *Queene of the Fairies in F & Q*), V.v.*, p. 100. (See notes on V.v.36, p. 102, and the *Qo. below it.*)*

John (or Jacke) RUGBY, man to Master Doctor CAIUS, I.iv.6, p. 17; II.iii.2, p. 43; III.i., p. 50; III.ii.*, p. 54.*

Master Doctor CAIUS, a Frenchman, practieing at Windsor, and in loue with ANNE PAGE, I.iv.39, p. 19; II.iii.1, p. 43; III.i.72, p. 50; III.ii.43, p. 54; III.iii.150, p. 61; IV.ii., p. 81; IV.v.74, p. 93; V.iii.5, p. 99; V.v.191, p. 109.*

Young Master FENTON, who 'smels April and May', and loues ANNE PAGE, I.iv.1x6, p. 22; III.iv.1, p. 64; IV.vi.3, p. 95; V.v.204, p. 110.

Master Frank FORD, a Burgess (?) of Windsor, the iealous Husband of Mistress FORD, II.i.95, p. 26; (as BROOKE, II.ii.138, p. 38); III.ii.8, p. 52; III.iii.130, p. 61; (as Master BROOKE, a feigned lover of Mistress FORDS, III.v.53, p. 71); IV.ii.101, p. 81; IV.vi.6, p. 86; (as BROOKE, V.i.12, p. 98); V.v.105, p. 106.

John, - } 2 Servants of Master and Mistress FORD, III.iii.4, 126,* p. 56, 60; one Robert, } speaks, III.iii.34, p. 61; IV.ii.96, p. 80.*

William PAGE, yong-man or sonne to Mistresse Margaret and Master George PAGE, IV.v.18, p. 75; (as CRICKET the Fairy), V.v., p. 102.*

Fairies, boys, V.iv., p. 100; one CRICKET, another BEDE, V.v.*, p. 102; all with Tapere: one drest in Greene, and one (at least) in White: they sing, p. 105.*

Elues & Ouphes, V.v., p. 102; they sing, p. 105.*

The Scene is laid in and near *Windsor*, its 'Little Parke' (or Home-Park), Great Parke, and Frogmore.

The Stage-time of the Play, in its present confusion (no night coming between Mrs. Quickly's second visit to Falstaffe and Brooke's (t. i. Ford's) secoad visit to him in III.v.), is 2 Days. Act I is on Day 1; Acts II—V are on Day 2. Shakspere no doubt meant to have 3 days, beginning the 3rd with the Ford portion of Act III (line 50, p. 169). See Daniel's Analysis in *N. Sh. Soc.'s Trans.*, 1877-79, pp. 130—135, and his edition of the Facsimile of *Q1*, pp. viii, ix.

A
Most pleasaunt and
excellent conceited Co-

medie, of Syr *John Falstaffe*, and the
merrie Wiues of *Windfor*.

Entermixed with fundrie

variable and pleasing humors, of Syr *Hugh*
the Welch Knight, Iustice *Shallow*, and his
wife Cousin M. *Slender*.

With the swaggering vaine of Auncient
Pistol, and Corporall *Nym*.

By *William Shakespeare*.

As it hath bene diuers times Acted by the right Honorable
my Lord Chamberlaines seruants. Both before her
Maiestie, and else-where.



L O N D O N

Printed by T. C. for Arthur Johnson, and are to be sold at
his shop in Powles Church yard, at the signe of the
Flower de Leufe and the Crowne.

1602.

[Title-page of the First (or 1602) Quarto of *The Merrie Wiues*. This Q. is printed under our text from F, and is edited as F. i.e., the the place of each scene is not repeated. We italicize all the words in which Q. differs from F.]

[The whole Play is laid in *Windsor*, its 'Little Parke', & neighbourhood.]

T H E
Merry Wiues of Windsor

Actus Primus. Scena Prima.

Before PAGES house.

Enter Iustice SHALLOW, SLENDER, Sir HUGH EUANS, (& later, Master GEORGE PAGE, FALSTOFFE, BARDOLPH, NYM, PISTOLL, ANNE PAGE, Mistresse FORD, Mistresse PAGE, SIMPLE.)

Shallow.

Sir *Hugh*, perfwade me not! I will make a Star-Chamber matter of it. If hee were twenty Sir *John Falstaffs*, he shall not abufe *Robert Shallow* Esquire!

Slen. In the County of *Glocester*, Iustice of Peace and ⁴ *Coram*!

Shal. I, (Cosen *Slender*,) and *Cust-alorum*! ⁷
Slen. I, and *Rato-lorum* too; ¶ and a Gentleman borne,

[QUARTO 1. Those of its words that are uzed in the like lines in F. are printed in 'Roman' type. Those not so uzed are in 'italics'.]

A pleafant conceited Co-medie, of Syr John Falstaffe, and the merry Wiues of VVindsor.

Enter Iustice Shallow, Syr Hugh, Maister Page, and Slender.

Shal. **N** Ere talke to me! Ile make a star-chamber matter of it.
² The Councell shall know it! [See I. i. 31, p. 2]

I

B

[I. i. 1-8.

The Merry Wiues of Windsor.

(Master Parson,) who writes himselfe *Armigero*, in any Bill, Warrant, Quittance, or Obligation: *Armigero!*

Shal. I, that I doe, and haue done any time these three hundred yeeres! 12

Slen. All his successors, (gone before him,) hath don't! and all his Ancestors, (that come after him,) may! they may giue the dozen white Luces in their Coate.

Shal. It is an olde Coate. 16

Euans. 'The dozen white Lowfes' doe become an old Coat well: it agrees well, paffant: It is a familiar beast to man, and signifies Loue. 19

Shal. The Lufe is the fresh-fish; the salt-fish is an old Coate.

Slen. I may quarter (Coz)? 21

Shal. You may, by marrying.

Euans. It is 'marring' indeed, if he 'quarter' it.

Shal. Not a whit! 24

Euan. Yes, per-lady! if he ha's a 'quarter' of your coat, there is but three Skirts for your selfe, in my simple conjectures; but that is all one. If Sir *John Falstaffe* haue committed disparagements vnto you, I am of the Church, and will be glad to do my benevolence, to make attonements and compremises betweene you. 30

Shal. The Councell shall heare it! it is a Riot! 31

Euan. It is not meet the Councell heare a Riot! there is no feare of Got in a Riot! The Councell (looke you,) shall desire to heare the feare of Got, and not to heare a Riot: take your viza-ments in that. 35

Shal. Ha! o' my life, if I were yong againe, the sword should end it. 37

Euans. It is better that friends is the sword, and end it: and there is also another deuice in my praine, which peradventure prings goot discretions with it: There is *Anne Page*, which is daughter to Master *Thomas Page*, which is pretty virginity. 42

41. *Thomas*] F. George. Theobald.

Pag. Nay, good maister Shallow, be perswaded by mee! [See 85-6, P. 41]

4. *Slen.* Nay, surely, my uncle shall not put it vp so!

Sir Hu. Wil you not heare reasons, Maister Slenders? You should heare reasons.

I. i. 9-42.]

The Merry Wiues of Windsor.

Slen. Mistris 'Anne Page'? she has browne haire, and speakes small, like a woman. 44

Euans. It is that ferry person for all the orld, as iuft as you will desire! ¶ And feuen hundred pounds of Moneyes, and Gold, and Siluer, is her Grand-fire vpon his deaths-bed (Got deliuier to a ioyfull resurrections!) gine, when she is able [48 to ouertake feuenteene yeeres old. It were a goot motion, if we leaue our pribbles and prables, and desire a marriage betweene Master *Abraham* and Mistris *Anne Page*. 51

Slen. Did her Grand-fire leaue her feauen hundred pound?

Euan. I, and her father is make her a petter penny. 53

Slen. I know the young Gentlewoman; she has good gifts.

Euan. Seuen hundred pounds, and possibilities, is goot gifts.

Shal. Wel, let vs see honest *Master Page*. Is *Falstaffe* there?

Euan. Shall I tell you a lye? I doe despise a lyer, as I [57 doe despise one that is falfe, or as I despise one that is not true: the Knight, Sir *John*, is there; and, I befeech you, be ruled by your well-willers: I will peat the doore for *Master Page*. [Knocks] ¶ What hoa! Got-pleffe your house heere! 61

Master Page. [within] Who's there?

Enter Master GEORGE PAGE.

Euan. Here is Got's plesing, and your friend, and Iustice *Shallow*; and heere yong Master *Slender*, that peraduentures shall tell you another tale, if matters grow to your likings. 65

Master Page. I am glad to see your Worships well! ¶ I thanke you for my Venison, Master *Shallow*.

Shal. Master *Page*, I am glad to see you! much good doe it your good heart! I wish'd your Venison better; it was ill killd. How doth good Mistrefesse *Page*? and I thank you alwaies with my heart, la! with my heart! 71

M. Page. Sir, I thanke you!

Shal. Sir, I thanke you! by yea and no, I doe.

M. Pa. I am glad to see you, good Master *Slender*!

56, 60, &c. *Master*] *Mr F.* (After 63. *Got's*] *go't's F.*
like extensions will not be noted.)

Shal. Tho he be a knight, he shall not thinke to carrie it so [2, 3 8 away, ¶ *Master Page*, I will not be wronged! [88, p. 4] For you, *Syr*, I loue you; and for my cousen, he comes to looke vpon your daughter.

The Merry Wiues of Windsor.

Slen. How do's your fallow Greyhound, Sir? I heard say
he was out-run on *Cotsall.* 76

M. Pa. It could not be iudg'd, Sir.

Slen. You'll not confess: you'll not confess!

Shal. That he will not; 'tis your fault, 'tis your fault! 'tis
a good dogge! 80

M. Pa. A Cur, Sir!

Shal. Sir, hee's a good dog, and a faire dog! Can there
be more said? he is good, and faire. Is Sir *John Falstaffe*
heeere? 84

M. Pa. Sir, hee is within; and I would I could doe a good
office betweene you. 84

Euan. It is spoke as a *Christians* ought to speake.

Shal. He hath wrong'd me, Master *Page!* 88

M. Pa. Sir, he doth in some sort confess it.

Shal. If it be confess'd, it is not redreffed; is not that so
(Master *Page*?) He hath wrong'd me; indeed he hath! at a
word he hath: beleeue me! *Robert Shallow* Esquire, saith he
is wronged. 93

Ma. Pa. Here comes Sir *John*!

* *Enter Syr JOHN FALSTAFFE, PISTOLL, BARDOLFE, and Nym.*

Fal. Now, Master *Shallow!* you'll complaine of me to the
King? 96

Shal. Knight! you haue beaten my men, kill'd my deere,
and broke open my Lodge!

* 94. *Enter . . .] Q.*

10 *Pa.* And heres my hand; and if my daughter like him so well as
I, wee'l quickly haue it a match. In the meane time, let me intreat
12 you to soiourne here a while; and, on my life, Ile undertake to
make you friends!

14 *Sir Hu.* I pray you, Maister *Shallowes*, let it be so! The [119
matter is p'd to arbitraments. The first man is Maister *Page*,
16 videlicet Maister *Page*. The second is my selfe, videlicet my selfe.
And the third and last man, is mine Host of the Gartyr. 120-123

Enter Syr John Falstaffe, Pistoll, Bardolfe, and Nim.

Here is sir John himselfe now, looke you! 94

18 *Fal.* Now, Maister *Shallow!* youle complaine of me to the
20 *Councell, I heare.*

22 *Shal.* Sir *John*, sir *John!* you haue hurt my keeper, kild my
dogs, stolne my deere! 96

The Merry Wiues of Windsor.

Fal. But not kiss'd your Keepers daughter!

Shal. Tut, a pin ! this shall be answer'd !

100

Fal. I will answere it strait : I haue done all this : That is now answer'd.

Shal. The Councell shall know this !

103

Fal. 'Twere better for you if it were known in counsell : you'll be laugh'd at.

Eu. *Pauca verba*, (Sir *John*;) good worts !

106

Fal. 'Good worts' ! good Cabidge ! ¶ *Slender*, I broke your head : what matter haue you againt me ?

Slen. Marry, fir, I haue matter in my head against you ; and against your cony-catching Rascalls, *Bardolf*, *Nym*, and *Pistoll*. * They carried mee to the Tauerne, and made mee drunke, and afterward picked my pocket.*

112

Bar. You *Banbery Cheese* !

Slen. I, it is no matter !

Pist. How now, *Mephostophilus* ?

Slen. I, it is no matter !

116

Nym. Slice, I say ! *pauca, pauca* ! Slice ! that's my humor.

Slen. Where's *Simple*, my man ? ¶ Can you tell, *Cofen* ?

118

Eua. Peace, I pray you ! Now let vs vnderstand. There is three Vmpires in this matter, as I vnderstand ; that is, Master *Page*, (*fidelicet*, Master *Page*;) & there is my selfe, (*fidelicet*, my selfe;) and the three party is (laftly and finally,) mine Host of the *Gater*.

123

Ma. Pa. We three, to hear it, & end it between them.

*111, 112. *They . . . pocket*] Q.

Fal. But not kissed your keepers daughter !

99

24 *Shal.* *Well*, this shall be answered !

100

Fal. Ile answere it strait ! I haue done all this. *This* is now answered.

101-2

Shal. *Well*, the Councell shall know it !

103

28 *Fal.* Twere better for you twere knowne in counsell, Youle be laught at.

104-5

Sir Hu. *Good vrdes*, sir *John* ! *good vrdes* !

106

Fal. 'Good vrdes' good Cabidge ! ¶ *Slender*, I brake your head !

32 What matter haue you againt mee ?

108

Slen. I haue matter in my head against you and your *cogging* companions, *Pistoll* and *Nym*. *They carried mee to the Tauerne and made mee drunke, and afterward picked my pocket.*

112

The Merry Wiues of Windsor.

Euan. Ferry goo't! I will make a prieve of it in my note-booke; and we wil afterwards orke vpon the caufe, with as great discreetly as we can. 127

Fal. Pistoll!

Pist. He heares with eares.

Euan. The Teuill and his Tam! what phrase is this? 'he heares with eare'? why, it is affectations! 131

Fal. Pistoll! did you picke Maister Slenders purse?

Slen. I, by these gloves did hee! (or I would I might neuer come in mine owne great chamber againe else,) of feauen groates in mill-sixpences, and two *Edward* Shouelboards, that cost me two shilling and two pence a peece of *Yead Miller*. by these gloves! 137

Fal. Is this true, *Pistoll?*

Euan. No, it is false, if it is a picke-purse!

Pist. Ha, thou mountaine-Forreyner! ¶ Sir John, and Maister mine! 140

I combat challenge of this Latine Bilboe!

¶ Word of deniall in thy *labras* here!

Word of denial! Froth and Scum, thou lief!

Slen. By these gloves, then 'twas he! [Points to **NYM.** 144

Nym. Be aus'd, fir, and passe good humours! I will say 'marry trap' with you, if you runne the nut-hooks humor on me; that is the very note of it. 147

Slen. By this hat, then, [Points to **BARDOLPH**] he in the red face had it: for though I cannot remember what I did when you made me drunke, yet I am not altogether an aſſe.

Fal. What say you, Scarlet and John? 151

36 Fal. *What say you to this, Pistoll?* Did you picke Maister Slenders purse, Pistoll? 132

Slen. I, by this handkercher, did he! Two faire shouell boord shillings, besides seuen groats in mill sixpences. 135

40 Fal. *What say you to this, Pistoll?* 140

Pist. Sir John, and Maister mine! I combat craue

Of this same laten bilbo. ¶ I do retort 143

The lie, even in thy gorge, thy gorge, thy gorge! 144

44 *Slen.* By this light, it was he, then! [Points to **NYM.** 144

Nym. Syr, my humor¹ is not for many words, But if you run

bace humors of me, I will say 'marry trap'! And there's the humor

47 of it. 147

¹ honor Q.

The Merry Wiues of Windsor.

Bar. Why, fir, (for my part,) I say the Gentleman had drunke himselfe out of his fwe fentences.

(*Eu.* It is his fwe 'fences': fie! what the ignorance is!)

Bar. And being fap, fir, was (as they fay) casheerd: and so conclusions past the Car-eires. 156

Slen. I, you fpeak in *Latten* then too: but 'tis no matter! Ile nere be drunke (whilst I lie) againe, but in honest, ciuill, godly company, for this tricke: if I be drunke, Ile be drunke with those that haue the feare of God; and not with drunken knaues. 161

Euan. So Got-udge me, that is a vertuous minde.

Fal. You heare all thefe matters deni'd, Gentlemen! you heare it! 164

¹ Enter **ANNE PAGE, with Wine.**

Master Page. Nay, daughter, carry the wine in! wee'll drinke within.

Slen. Oh heauen! This is Mistrefse *Anne Page.*

[Exit **ANNE PAGE.**

¹ Enter Mistrefse **ALICE FORD, and Mistrefse MEG PAGE.**

Master Page. How now, Miftris Ford? 168

Fal. Miftris Ford, * I thinke your name is, if I miftake not?* By my troth you are very wel met! by your leaue, good Miftris! [Kiffes her.]¹

† *Mif. Ford.* Your miftake, fir, is nothing but in the 'Miftresse'. But my husbands name is *Ford*, fir.† 173

157. *too* to F.

*169. *I . . . not*] Q.

162. *vertuous*] vertuoous F.

†172-178. *Mis. Ford . . . all my*

¹ See Q, below.

hart!] Q, but *Foord* for *Ford*, 173.

48 *Fal.* You heare thefe matters denide, gentlemen! You heare it!

Enter Mistrefse Foord, Mistrefse Page, and her daughter Anne.

49 *Pa.* No more now! I thinke it be almost dinner time, for my wife is come to meet vs.

Fal. Mistrefse Foord, I thinke your name is, if I miftake not. 169

[*Syr John* kisses her.]

52 *Mis. Ford.* Your miftake, sir, is nothing but in the 'Miftresse.' But my husbands name is *Foord*, sir. 173

55 *Fal.* I shall desire your more acquaintance. [¶] *The like of you,* [kiffes her.]¹ *good misteris Page!* 174-5

The Merry Wiues of Windsor.

† *Fal.* I shall desyre your more acquaintance. ¶ The like of you, good misteris *Page*. [Kisses her.]

Mis. Pa. With all my hart, fir *John*. ¶ Come, husband, will you goe? Dinner staies for us. 177

Pa. With all my hart! † Wife, bid these gentlemen welcome! ¶ Come! we haue a hot Venison pafty to dinner. Come, gentlemen! I hope we shall drinke downe all vnkindnesse.

[Exeunt all but SHAL., SLEN. & EUANS.]

Slen. I had rather then forty shillings, I had my booke of Songs and Sonnets heere! 182

Enter SIMPLE.

How now, *Simple!* where haue you beene? I must wait on my selfe, must I? You haue not the booke of Riddles about you, haue you? 185

Sim. 'Booke of Riddles'! why, did you not lend it to *Alice Short-cake* vpon Alhallowmas laft, a fortnight afore Michaelmas? 188

Shal. Come Coz, come Coz! we stay for you. A word with you, Coz! marry, this, Coz: there is (as 'twere) a tender, a kinde of tender, made a-farre off by Sir *Hugh* here. Doe you vnderstand me? 192

Slen. I, Sir, you shall finde me reasonable; if it be so, I shall doe that that is reasoun.

Shal. Nay, but vnderstand me!

Slen. So I doe, Sir. 196

Euan. Gine eare to his motions, *Master Slender!* I will description the matter to you, if you be capacity of it.

Slen. Nay, I will doe as my Cozen *Shallow* faies: I pray you, pardon me! he's a Iustice of Peace in his Countrie, simple though I stand here. 201

Euan. But that is not the queftion: the question is concerning your marriage.

Shal. I, there's the point, Sir. 204

178. *Pa.* . . . *Q.* *Mr. Page.* Wife. F.

56 *Mis. Pa.* With all my hart, sir *John*! Come husband will you goe? Dinner staies for us. 176-7

58 *Pa.* With all my hart! ¶ Come along, Gentlemen! 178-80
[Exit all, but *Slender* and *mistresse Anne*.
[See III. iv. 63-9.]

The Merry Wiues of Windsor.

Eu. Marry, is it: the very point of it; to Mistresse *An Page*.
Slen. Why, if it be so, I will marry her vpon any reasonable demands. 207

Eu. But can you affection the 'o-man? Let vs command to know that of your mouth, or of your lips: for diuers Philosophers hold, that the lips is parcell of the mouth: therfore, precisely, can you carry your good wil to y^e maid?

Sh. Cosen *Abraham Slender!* can you loue her? 212

Slen. I hope, sir, I will do as it shall become one that would doe reason.

Eu. Nay! got's Lords, and his Ladies! you must speake poffitable, if you can carry-her your desires towards her. 216

Shal. That you must! Will you, (vpon good dowry,) marry her?

Slen. I will doe a greater thing then that, vpon your request, (Cosen,) in any reason. 220

Shal. Nay conceiue me, conceiue mee, (sweet Coz!) what I doe is to pleasure you, (Coz:) Can you loue the maid?

Slen. I will marry her (Sir,) at your request; but if there bee no great loue in the beginning, yet Heauen may decrease [224 it vpon better acquaintance, when wee are married, and haue more occasion to know one another: I hope, vpon familiarity will grow more contempt: but if you say 'mary-her,' I will mary-her: that, I am freely dissolued, and dissolutely. 228

Eu. It is a fery discretion-answere; saue the fall is in the ord, 'dissolutely': the ort is, (according to our meaning,) 'reſolutely': his meaning is good.

Sh. I, I think me Cosen meant well. 232

Sl. I, or else I would I might be hang'd, (la!)

Sh. Here comes faire Mistris *Anne*.

Re-enter ANNE PAGE.

¶ Would I were yong for your sake, Mistris *Anne*! 235
An. The dinner is on the Table; my Father desires your worhips company.

Sh. I will wait on him, (faire Mistris *Anne*.) 238

Eu. Od's plefſed-wil! I wil not be abſenſe at the grace.

[*Exeunt SHALLOW & EUANS.*

205. *Mistresse*] Mi. F.

227. *contempt*] Theobald. content F.

The Merry Wiues of Windsor.

An. Wil't please your worship to come in, Sir?

Sl. No, I thank you, forsooth, hartely; I am very well.

An. The dinner attends you, Sir.

242

Sl. I am not a-hungry, I thanke you, forsooth. [To

SIMPLE] Goe, Sirha, for all you are my man; goe wait vpon my Cofen *Shallow!* [Exit **SIMPLE**.] ¶ A Iustice of peace [245 sometime may be beholding to his friend, for a Man. I keepe but three Men and a Boy yet, till my Mother be dead: but what though? yet I liue like a poore Gentleman borne. 248

An. I may not goe in without your worship: they will not fit till you come.

Sl. I'faith, ile eate nothing: I thanke you as much as though I did. 252

An. I pray you, Sir, walke in!

Sl. I had rather walke here, (I thanke you). I bruiz'd my shin th'other day, with playing at Sword and Dagger with a Master of Fence; (three veneyes for a dish of stew'd [256 Prunes;) and, by my troth, I cannot abide the smell of hot meate fince. Why doe your dogs barke so? be there Beares ith'Towne? 259

An. I thinke there are, Sir; I heard them talk'd of.

Sl. I loue the sport well; but I shall as soone quarell at it, as any man in *England*. You are afraid if you see the Beare loose, are you not? 263

An. I, indeede, Sir!

Sl. That's meate and drinke to me, now! I haue feene

Anne. Now, *forsooth*, why do you stay me? What would you 60 with me? [III. iv. 57, p. 67.]

Slen. Nay, for my owne part, I would little or nothing with you. I loue you well, and my uncle can tell you how my liuing stands. And if you can loue me; why, so! If not, why then 'happie man 64 be his dole'! [III. iv. 60, p. 67.]

An. You say well, Master Slender; but first you must giue me leaue to be acquainted with your humor, and afterward to loue you, (if I can.)

68 Slen. Why, by God, there's neuer a man in Christendome can desire more! What, haue you Beares in your Towne, mistresse Anne? your dogs barke so! 259, 258

An. I cannot tell, Master Slender; I thinke there be.

72 Slen. Ha, how say you? I warrant you're afeard of a Beare let loose! Are you not? 263

74 An. Yes, trust me!

The Merry Wiues of Windsor.

Sackerson loose, twenty times, and haue taken him by the Chaine: but, (I warrant you,) the women haue so cride and shrekt at it, that it past! But women, indeede, cannot abide 'em; they are very ill-fauour'd rough things. 269

Re-enter Maister PAGE.

Ma. Pa. Come, gentle *Master Slender*, come! we stay for you.

Sl. Ile eate nothing, I thanke you, Sir. 272

Ma. Pa. By cocke and pie, you shall not choose, Sir! come, come!

Sl. Nay, pray you, lead the way!

Ma. Pa. Come on, Sir!

[*Exit.* 276]

Sl. Misfris *Anne*, your selfe shall goe first!

An. Not I, Sir! pray you, keepe on!

Sl. Truely, I will not goe first! truely,—la! I will not doe you that wrong. 280

An. I pray you, Sir!

Sl. Ile rather be vnmannery, then troublesome! You doe your selfe wrong, indeede,—la! [*Exeunt:* **SL.** *first.* 283

269. enter . . Page] Q.

16 *Slen.* Now that's meate and drinke to me! *Ile run you¹ to a Beare*, and take *her* by the *mussell*, *you neuer saw the like!* But indeed *I* cannot blame *you*, for they are maruellous rough things. 269

An. Will you goe in to dinner, *Master Slender²*? The meate staies for you. 242

80 *Slen.* No, faith! not *I*, I thanke you! [251] I cannot abide the smell of hot meate, *ner* since *I* broke my shin. [257, 255] *Ile tel you how it came*, by my troth. A Fencer and *I* plaid three venies for a dish of stewd prunes [256-7]; and *I*, with my *ward* defendieng 84 *my head*, *he hot* my shin. [254-5] Yes, faith!

Enter Maister Page.

Pa. Come, come, Maister Slender! dinner staies for you. 270

86 *Slen.* I *can* eate no meate, I thanke you.

Pa. You shall not choose, *I say.* 273

88 *Slen.* *Ile follow you, sir!* pray leade the way! [*Exit PA.*] Nay, be God, misteris *Anne*! you shall goe first! *I haue more manners than so, I hope.* 275, 277

91 *An.* Well sir, I will not be troublesome. [*Exit omnes.* 283

¹ yon Q.

² Slendor Q.

The Merry Wiues of Windsor.

Actus Primus. Scena Secunda.

Before PAGES House.

*Enter EUANS and SIMPLE, from dinner.**

Eu. Go your waies, and aske of Doctor *Caius* houfe, which
is the way ; and there dwels one *Miftris Quickly* ; which is
in the manner of his *Nurfe* ; or his dry-*Nurfe* ; or his *Cooke* ;
or his *Laundry* ; his *Washer*, and his *Ringer*. 4

Si. Well, Sir ?

Eu. Nay, it is petter yet. Giue her this letter ; for it is
a'oman that altogeathers acquaintance with *Miftris Anne Page* ;
and the Letter is to defire, and require her, to folicite your [8
Masters defires to *Miftris Anne Page*. I pray you, be gon !
I will make an end of my dinner ; ther's *Pippins* and *Cheese*
to come. [Exeunt. II

Actus Primus. Scena Tertia.

Mine Hosts Garter Inn.

*Enter FALSTAFFE, HOST, BARDOLFE, NYM, PISTOLL, &
FALSTAFFES skirted Page, ROBIN.*

Fal. Mine *Host* of the *Garter* !

Ho. What saies my *Bully Rooke* ? speake schollerly and
wifely ! 3

*from dinner] Q.

Enter *sir Hugh* and *Simple*, from dinner.

Sir Hu. Hark you, *Simple* ! pray you beare this letter to Doctor
Cayus house, the *French Doctor*. [6, 1.] He is twell vp along the street.
And enquire of his house for one *mistris Quickly*, his *woman*, or
4 his *try nurse*, and deliver this Letter to her : it tis about *Maister*
Slender. *Looke you, will you do it now* ?

Sim. I warrant you, Sir.

Sir Hu. Pray you, do ! [9] I must not be absent at the grace. [239,
8 p. 9] I will goe make an end of my dinner ; There is pepions
and cheese behinde. Exit omnes. II

Enter *sir John Falstaffe*, the *Host¹* of the *Garter*, *Nym*, *Bardolfe*,
Pistoll, and the *Boy*.

¹ *Fal.* Mine *Host* of the *Garter* ! I
Host. What ses my *bully Rooke* ? Speake schollerly and wisely !

¹ *Falstaffe, the Host*] *Falstaffes Host* Q.
I. ii. 1-11 ; iii. 1-3.] 12

The Merry Wiues of Windsor.

Fal. Truely, mine *Host*, I must turne away some of my followers.

Ho. Discard, Bully *Hercules*! casheere! let them wag! trot, trot!

Fal. I sit at ten pounds a weeke.

8

Ho. Thou'rt an Emperor, (*Cesar*, *Keifer*, and *Pheaxar*). I will entertaine *Bardolfe*: he shall draw; he shall tap. Said I well, Bully *Hector*?

Fa. Doe so, good mine *Host*!

12

Ho. I haue spoke: let him follow! ¶ [To **BARD.**] Let me see thee froth and lyme*! I am at a word: follow! [Exit.†

Fal. *Bardolfe*! follow him! a Tapster is a good trade: an old Cloake makes a new Ierkin; a wither'd Seruing-man, a fresh Tapster. Goe! adew!

17

Ba. It is a life that I haue desir'd: I will thriue.

[Exit **BARDOLFE.**‡

Pis. O base *Hungarian* wight! wilt thou the spigot wield?

Ni. He was gotten in drink: is not the humor conceited?

Fal. I am glad I am so acquit of this *Tinderbox*! His

*14. *lyme* Q. *liue* F. †14. *Exit* Q. ‡18. *Exit. B. Q.*]

4 *Fal.* Mine Host, I must turne away some of my followers.

4

4 *Host.* Discard, hully Hercules! cassire! Let them wag, trot, trot!

8

8 *Fal.* I sit at ten pound a weeke.

8 *Host.* Thou art an Emperor, *Cesar*, *Phesser*, and *Kesar*, *bully*!

8 Ile entertaine *Bardolfe*. He shall tap, he shall draw! Said I well,

8 *bully* *Hector*?

12 *Fal.* Do, good mine Host!

12

12 *Host.* I haue spoke. Let him follow! ¶ *Bardolfe*! Let me see

thee froth, and *lyme*. I am at a word. Follow, follow! [Exit *Host.*]

12 *Fal.* *Do*, *Bardolfe*! a Tapster is a good trade; An old cloake

will make a new Ierkin; A withered seruингman, a fresh Tapster.

Follow him, *Bardolfe*!

17

Bar. *I will, sir! Ile warrant you Ile make a good shif to live!*

[Exit *Bardolfe.*]

16 *Pis.* O hace *Gongarian* wight! Wilt thou the spicket weilld¹?

Nym. *His minde is not heroick.* *And theres the humor of it.*

Fal. Well, *my Laddes*! I am almost out at the heeles. [27, p. 14]

14 *Pis.* Why, then let cyhes insue!

28

20 *Nym.* I thanke thee for that humor!

54

20 *Fal.* Well, I am glad I am so *rid* of this *tinder Box*²! His
stealth was too open; his filching was like an vnskilfull singer; he

23 kept not time.

23

¹ *willd* Q.

² *Boy* Q.

13

[I. iii. 4-21.]

The Merry Wiues of Windsor.

Thefts were too open; his filching was like an vnskilfull
Singer; he kept not time. 23

Ni. The good humor is, to feale at a minutes rest.

Pist. 'Conuay' the wife it call: 'Steale!' foh! a fico for
the phrase! 26

Fal. Well, firs, I am almost out at heeles.

Pist. Why, then, let Kibes ensue!

Fal. There is no remedy: I must conicatch, I must shift.

Pist. Yong Rauens must haue foode! 30

Fal. Which of you know *Ford* of this Towne?

Pist. I ken the wight! he is of substance good.

Fal. My honest Lads, I will tell you what I am about.

Pist. Two yards, and more. 34

Fal. No quips now, *Pistoll!* (Indeede, I am in the waste two yards about; but I am now about no 'waste'; I am about thrift.) Briefely: I doe meane to make loue to *Fords* wife: I spie entertainment in her; shee discourses; shee carues; [38 she giues the leere of inuitation: I can contrue the action of her familiere stile; & the hardest voice of her behauior (to be euangelish'd rightly,) is, 'I am Sir John Falstaffs.'

Pist. He hath studied her well*; and translated her will, out of honesty, into *Englyssh.* 43

Ni. The Anchor is deepe: will that humor passe?

Fal. Now, the report goes, she has all the rule of her husbands Purse: he hath legions† of Angels. 46

*42. *well!* Q. will F. | l. 39), (legions, p. 42, l. 126, Q).
†46. *legions*] legians Q (p. 15, | a legend F.

Nym. The good humor is, to steale at a minutes rest.

Pis. *Tis so, indeed, Nym!* thou hast hit it right!

Fal. Well, afore God, I must cheat, I must conycatch! [27, 29

27 Which of you knowes Foord of this Towne? 31

Pis. I ken the wight! he is of substance good.

Fal. Well my honest Lads, Ile tell you what I am about.

Pis. Two yards, and more! 34

31 *Fal.* No *gives* now, *Pistoll!* (Indeed, I am two yards in the wast; but now I am about no wast :) Briefly, I am about thrift, *you rogues, you!* I do intend to make loue to *Fords* wife; I espie entertainment in her. She carues, she discourses. She giues the leere¹ of inuitation; and every part (to be constured rightly,) is, 'I am Syr John Falstaffes.' 41

¹ lyre Q.

The Merry Wiues of Windsor.

Pist. As many diuels, entertaine ! and 'To her, Boy,' say I !
Ni. The humor rises : it is good : humor me the angels ! 48

Fal. I haue writ me here a letter to her ; & here another to *Pages* wife, who euen now gaue mee good eyes too, examind my parts with most iudicious illiads : sometimes the beame of her view guilded my foote, sometimes my portly belly.

Pist. Then did the Sun on dung-hill shine.

Ni. I thanke thee for that bumour !

54

Fal. O, she did so course o're my exteriors with such a greedy intention, that the appetite of her eye did seeme to scorch me vp like a burning-glaſſe ! Here's another letter to her ! She beares the Purſe too : She is a Region in [58] *Guiana* ; all gold, and bountie ! I will be Cheater to them both, and they ſhall be Exchequers to mee ; they ſhall be my East and West *Indies*, and I will trade to them both. [To *Nym.*] Goe, beare thou this Letter to Miftris *Page* ! [To *Pistol*] And thou this to Miftris *Ford* ! ¶ We will thriue, (Lads,) we will thriue ! 64

Pist. Shall I, Sir *Pandarus* of *Troy* become,
And by my fide weare Steele ? Then *Lucifer* take all !

Ni. I will run no base humor ! Here, take the humor-Letter ! I will keepe the hauior of reputation. 68

59. *Cheater*] Theobald. Cheaters F, Q.

37 Pis. He hath ſtudied her well, out of honestie into English. 42
Fal. Now the report goes, ſhe hath all the rule of her husbands purse. She hath legions of angels. 46, p. 14

40 Pis. As many diuels attend her ! And 'To her, boy,' ſay I ! 47
Fal. Here's¹ a Letter to her ! Heeres another to *misteris* *Page*, who euen now gaue me good eies too, examined my exteriors [50-6 with ſuch a greedy intention, with the beames of her *beautie*, that 44 it ſeemed as ſhe would a ſcorched² me vp like a burning glaſſe. Here is another Letter to her ; ſhee beares the purſe too. They ſhall be Exchequers to me, and Ile be cheaters to them both. They ſhall be my East and West *Indies*, and Ile trade to them both.

48 ¶ *Heere*, beare thou this Letter to Miftris *Ford* ! ¶ And thou this to miftris *Page* ! ¶ Weele thriue, Lads ; we will thriue ! 64

Pist. Shall I, ſir *Panderowes* of *Troy* become ?

And by my ſide³ were Steele ? Then *Lucifer* take all ! 66

52 *Nym.* Here, take your humor Letter againe ! For my part, I will keepe the hauior of reputation. And theres the humor of it ! 67-8

¹ Heree's Q.

² ſcorched Q.

³ ſword Q.

The Merry Wiues of Windſor.

Fal. [to **ROBIN**] Hold, Sirha! beare you theſe Letters
tightly!

Saile, like my Pinnaffe, to theſe golden shores!

[*To PIST. & NYM.*] Rogues, hence! auaunt! vanish like
haileſtones! goe! 71

Trudge! plod away ith' hoofe! feeke shelter, packe!

Falſtaſſe will learne the humor* of the age:

French-thrift, you Rogues! my ſelfe, and skirted Page. 74

[*Exeunt FALSTAFFE and the Boy ROBIN.*]¹

Pift. Let Vultures gripe thy guts! for gourd, and Fullam
holds;

& high and low beguiles the rich & poore.

Teſter ile haue in pouch, when thou ſhalt lacke,

Bafe *Phrygian Turke!*

78
Ni. I haue opperations, which be humors of reuenge.

Pift. Wilt thou reuenge?

Ni.

By Welkin, and her Star!

Pift. With wit, or Steele?

Ni.

With both the humors, I: 81

I will diſcufe the humour of this Loue to *Page.*†

Pift. And I to *Ford*‡ ſhall eke vnfold

How *Falſtaſſe*, (varlet vile,) 84

*73. *humor*] Q1. honor F. | +82. *Page*] Q1. Ford F.

¹ See Q, below.

+83. *Ford*] Foord Q1. Page F.

Fal. [to his *Page*] Here, ſirha! beare me theſe Letters telye!

Saile, like my pinnice, to the golden shores!

70
56 [*To PIST. & NYM.*] ¶ Hence, ſtaues! avant! Vanish like hailſtones!
goe!

Falſtaſſe will learne the humor of this age,

French thrift, you rogues!² my ſelfe, and skirted Page. 74

[*Exit Falſtaſſe, and the Boy.*]

Pis. And art thou gone? Teaster Ile haue in pouch,

60 When thou ſhalt want, bafe *Phrygian Turke.*

Nym. I haue operations in my head, which are humors of reuenge.

Pis. Wilt thou reuenge?

Nym. By Welkin and her *Fairies!*

64 *Pis.* By wit, or ſword?

Nym. With both the humors. I will diſclove this loue to *Page!* 81

Ile poſes him with *Iallowes!* And theres the humor of it. 88

67 *Pis.* And I to *Foord*, will likeiſe tell,

² rogue Q.

I. iii. 69-84.]

The Merry Wiues of Windsor.

His Doue will proue, his gold will hold,
And his soft couch defile.

86

Ni. My humour shall not coole: I will incense *Page** to
deale with poyson; I will posseſſe him with yallowneſſe, for
this reuolt of mine is dangerous: that is my true humour.

Pif. Thou art the *Mars* of Malecontentis!
I ſecond thee! troope on!

[*Exeunt.* 91]

Actus Primus. Scena Quarta.

A room in Doctor CAIUSES house.

*Enter Mistris QUICKLY, SIMPLE, JOHN RUGBY, (& after,
Doctor CAIUS, FENTON.)*

Qu. What, *John Rugby!* I pray thee, goe to the Casement, and ſee if you can ſee my Maſter, (Maſter Docter *Caius*,) comming. If he doe, (I faith,) and finde any body in the houſe, here will be an old abuſing of Gods patiencē, and the Kings *English*. 5

Ru. Ile goe watch.

Qu. Goe! and we'll haue a poſſet for't ſoone at night, (in faith,) at the latter end of a Sea-cole-fire. [*Exit RUGBY.*] ¶ An honest, willing, kinde fellow, as euer feruant shall come in houſe withall; and, I warrant you, no tel-tale nor no [10 breedē-bate: his worſt fault is, that he is giuen to prayer; hee is ſomething peeuiſh that way: but no body but has his fault; but let that paſſe! *Peter Simple*, you ſay your name is? 14

Si. I: for fault of a better.

Qu. And Maſter *Slender*'s your Maſter?

*87. *Page*] from Q1. Cp. 1. 82. Ford F. 89. *this*] Pope. the F.

68 How Falſtaffe, (varlot vilde,) 84
Would haue his¹ Love,

70 His Doue *would proue*,
And eke his *bed* defile. 83, 86

Nym. Let vs about it then!
73 Pis. Ile ſecond thee! ſir *Corporall Nym*, troope on!

[*Exeunt*² omnes.

[I. iv.] *Enter Mistreſſe Quickly, and Simple.*
I Quic. 'Maſter *Slender*' is your Masters name, ſay you? 13-14, 16

¹ her Q.

² Exit Q.
[I. iii. 85-91; iv. 1-16.

The Merry Wives of Windsor.

Si. I, forsooth.

17

Qu. Do's he not weare a great round Beard, like a Glouers pairing-knife?

Si. No, forsooth: he hath but a little wee-face; with a little yellow Beard; a Caine-colour'd Beard.

21

Qu. A softly-sprighted man, is he not?

Si. I, forsooth: but he is as tall a man of his hands, as any is, betweene this and his head: he hath fought with a Warrener.

25

Qu. How say you? Oh, I should remember him: do's he not hold vp his head, (as it were?) and strut in his gate?

Si. Yes, indeede, do's he.

28

Qu. Well, heauen fend *Anne Page*, no worse fortune! Tell Master Parson *Euans*, I will doe what I can for your Master: *Anne* is a good girle, and I wish—

Re-enter RUGBY.

Ru. Out, alas! here comes my Master.

32

Qu. We shall all be shent! ¶ Run in here, good young man! goe into this Closset! he will not stay long. [Shuts

Sim. I, indeed; that is his name!

Quic. How say you? [26] I take it hee is somewhat a weakly man;

4 and he has (as it were) a whay-coloured beard.

22, 27, 18

Sim. Indeed, my maisters beard is kane colored.

21

Quic. 'Kane colour,' you say well! And is this Letter from sir Yon? About Misteris An, is it not?

31

8 *Sim.* I, indeed is it.

28

Quic. So! and your Maister would haue me (as it twere) to speak to misteris Anne concerning him: [75] I promise you my Maister hath a great affectioned mind to mistresse Anne himselfe [93, p. 21]. 12 And if he should know that I should (as they say,) give my verdict for any one but himselfe, I should heare of it throughly! For I tell you, friend, he puts all his priuities in me.

Sim. I, by my faith, you are a good stae to him.

16 *Quic.* Am I? I, and you knew all, youd say so! Washing, [86-8 brewing, baking, all goes through my hands, or else it would be but a woe house.

Sim. I beshrow me! One woman to do all this, is very painfull.

20 *Quic.* Are you auised of that? [90, p. 21] I, I warrant you! Take all, and paie all; all goe through my hands. And he is such a honest man, and he should chance to come home and finde a man [3 here, we should haue no who¹ with him. He is a parlowes man!

24 *Sim.* Is he indeed?

¹ Ho, woa, rest, peace.

The Merry Wiues of Windsor.

SIMPLE in the Closet.] ¶ What, *John Rugby!* *John!* what, *John,* I say! *Goe, John!* goe enquire for my Master! I doubt he be not well, that hee comes not home: [Sings] and downe, downe, adowne'a. &c. 38

Enter Doctor CAIUS.

Ca. Vat is you fing? I doe not like des toyes: pray you, goe and vetch me in my Cloffet, *vn boyteene verd;* a Box, a greene-a-Box: do intend vat I speake? a greene-a-Box. 42

Qu. I, forsooth! ile fetch it you. [Aside] I am glad hee went not in himselfe: if he had found the yong man, he would haue bin horne-mad. 45

Ca. *Fe, fe, fe, fe!* *ma foy, il fait fort chaud,* *Ie m'en voi a le Court,—la grande affaire.*

Qu. Is it this, Sir? 48

Ca. *Ouy: mette le au mon 'pocket'*! *dépêche,* *Quickly!* Vere is dat knaue *Rugby?*

Qu. What, *John Rugby!* *John!*

Ru. [comes forward] Here, Sir! 52

Ca. You are *John Rugby*, and you are *Iacke Rugby*. Come, take-a your Rapier, and come after my heele to the Court!

Ru. 'Tis ready, Sir, here in the Porch. 55

40. *boyteene*] F (boitine). boy- | *voi a le Court la grand affaires* F.
tier Rowe. 49. *dépêche,* *Quickly!*] de-peech

46-7. *ma . . . affaire*] Rowe. *mai foy, il fait for chando,* *Ie man* 53. *and*] aad F.

25 *Quic.* 'Is he,' quoth you? *God keepe him abroad!* *Lord blesse me!* who knocks there? *For Gods sake, step into the Counting-house,* while I goe see whose at doore. [He steps into the Counting-house.
28 ¶ What, *John Rugby!* *John!* ¶ Are you come home, sir, alreadie? 35
[And she opens the doore.

Enter Doctor CAIUS.

Doct. I, begar, I be forgot my oyntment! VVhere be *John Rugby?*

Enter *John*.

Rug. Here, sir! do you call?

52
32 *Doc.* I, you be¹ *John Rugby*, and you be *Iack Rugby*: *Goe, run vp met² your heeles, and bring away de oyntment in de vindoe!* present! *Make hast, John Rugby!* ¶ O! I am almost forget my

¹ he Q.

² met = with.

The Merry Wiues of Windsor.

Ca. By my trot, I tarry too long. Od's-me! *que ay ie oublie?* dere is some Simples in my Cloffet, dat I vill not for the varld I shall leue behinde. [*Goes to Closet, & opens it.*] 58

Qu. Ay-me! he'll finde the yong man there, & be mad!

Ca. O *Diabla, Diabla!* vat is in my Cloffet?
Villanie, La-roone! [*Pulls SIMP. out.*] ¶ *Rugby*, my Rapier!

Qu. Good Master, be content!

Ca. Wherefore shall I be content-a?

Qu. The yong man is an honest man. 64

Ca. What shall de honest man do in my Cloffet? dere is no honest man dat shall come in my Cloffet.

Qu. I befeech you be not fo flegmaticke! heare the trnth of it! He came of an errand to mee, from Parson *Hugh*. 68

Ca. Vell!

Si. I, forsooth! to defire her to—

Qu. Peace, I pray you! 71

Ca. [*to Qu.*] Peace-a your tongue! [*To Si.*] speake-a your Tale!

Si. To defire this honest Gentlewoman (your Maid,) to speake a good word to Mistris *Anne Page*, for my Master in the way of Marriage. 76

Qu. This is all, indeede-la! but ile nere put my finger in the fire! and neede not.

Ca. Sir *Hugh* send-a you? ¶ *Rugby*, ballow mee some paper! tarry you a littell-a-while! [*The Doctor writes apart.*] 80

Qui. [*to SIMP.*] I am glad he is so quiet: if he had bin throughly moued, you shoulde haue heard him so loud, and so melancholly. But notwithstanding, Man, Ile doe yoe your Master what good I can! and the very yea, & the no is, [84]

80. *The . . . writes*] Q. F om.

simples in a boxe in de Counting-house. [41] ¶ O Ieshu! vat be here? a deuella, a deuella? ¶ My Rapier, John Rugby! ¶ Vat be you? 36 vat make you in my Counting-house? I tinck you be a teefe. 65

Quic. Ieshu blesse me! we are all vndone!

Sim. O Lord, sir, no! I am no theefe; I am a Seruicingman; My name is John Simple; I brought a Letter, sir, from my Maister 40 Slender, about Misteris Anne Page, Sir: Indeed, that is my comming!

Doc. I, begar! is dat all? ¶ John Rugby! gue-a ma pen an Inck! tarche vn petit! tarche a little! [*The Doctor writes.*] 80

Sim. O God! what a furious man is this!

44 Quic. Nay, it is well he is no worse: I am glad he is so quiet.

I. iv. 56-84.]

The Merry Wiues of Windsor.

y^e French Doctor, my Master, (I may call him my 'Master,' looke you, for I keepe his house; and I wash, ring, brew, bake, scowre, dresse meat and drinke, make the beds, and doe all my selfe,) 88

Simp. 'Tis a great charge to come vnder one bodies hand!

Qui. Are you auis'd o'that? you shall finde it a great charge! and to be vp early, and down late! But notwithstanding, (to tell you in your eare, I wold haue no words [92 of it,) my Master himselfe is in loue with Mistris *Anne Page*: but notwithstanding that, I know *Ans* mind! that's neither heere nor there. 95

Caius. [to *SIMP.*] You, *Jack' Nape!* giue-a this Letter to Sir *Hugh*! by gar, it is a shallenge! I will cut his throat in de Parke! and I will teach a scuruy *Jack-a-nape* Priest to meddle, or make:—You may be gon! it is not good you [99 tarry here! [*Exit SIMP.*] ¶By gar, I will cut all his two stones! by gar, he shall not haue a stome to throw at his dogge!

Qui. Alas! he speakes but for his friend. 102

Caius. It is no matter'a ver dat. Do not you tell-a-me dat I shall hane *Anne Page* for my selfe? By gar, I vill kill de *Jack*-Priest! and I haue appointed mine Host of de *Iartere* to measure our weapon! By gar, I wil my selfe haue *Anne Page*!

Qui. Sir, the maid loues you; and all shall bee well! We must giue folkes leaue to prate! what, the good-ier! 108

Caius. *Rugby*, come to the Court with me! [*To QUI.*] By gar, if I haue not *Anne Page*, I shall turne your head out of my dore! ¶Follow my heeles, *Rugby*! 111

Qui. You shall hane *An*—[*Exeunt CAIUS & RUGBY.*] Fooles head of your owne! No! I know *Ans* mind for that! nener a woman in *Windsor* knowes more of *Ans* minde then I doe, nor can doe more then I doe with her, I thanke heauen! 115

112. *An . . . Fooles*] P. A. Daniel conj. An-fooles F.

45 *Doc.* Here! giue dat same to sir Hu! It ber ve chalenge. Begar, tell him I will cut his nase, will you? 96-100

Sim. I, sir! Ile tell him so!

48 *Doc.* Dat be vell. ¶*My Rapier, John Rugby!* follow may! 111
[*Exit Doctor, & Rugby.*]

Quic. *VVell, my friend!* I cannot tarry. Tell your Maister, Ile doo what I can for him [84; 30, p. 18]; and so, farewell!

51 *Sim.* *Mary, will I.* I am glad I am got hence! [*Exit omnes.*]

*

The Merry Wiues of Windsor.

Fenton. [without.] Who's with-in there? hoa! 116

Qui. 'Who's there,' I troa? Come neere the houfe, I pray you!

Fen. How now, (good woman!) how doſt thou? 119

Qui. The better, that it pleaſes your good Worſhip to aſke!

Fen. What newes? how doſt pretty Miftris *Anne*? 122

Qui. In truth, Sir, and ſhee is pretty, and honest, and gentle; and one that is your friend, I can tell you that by the way: I praife heauen for it!

Fen. Shall I doe any good, thinkſt thou? ſhall I not looſe my ſuit? 127

Qui. Troth, Sir, all is in His hands aboue! But notwithstanding, (Master *Fenton*,) Ile be ſworne on a booke, ſhee loues you. Haue not your Worſhip a wart aboue your eye?

Fen. Yes, marry haue I! what of that? 131

Qui. Wel, thereby hangs a tale: good faith, it is ſuch another *Nan*; but (I deteſt,) an honest maid as euer broke bread! wee had an howres talke of that wart. I ſhall neuer laugh but in that maids company! But (indeed,) ſhee is [135] giuen too much to Allicholy and muſing: but for you—well—goe to!

Fen. Well: I ſhall ſee her to day! hold! there's money for thee! Let mee haue thy voice in my behalfe! If thou ſeefſt her before me, command me,—— 140

Qui. Will I? I faith, that wee will! And I will tell your Worſhip more of the Wart, the next time we haue confidence, and of other wooers.

Fen. Well, fare-well! I am in great haſte now. 144

Qui. Fare-well to your Worſhip! [Exit *FENTON*.] Truly an honest Gentleman! But *Anne* loues him not! for I know *Anns* minde as well as another do's. Out vpon't! what haue I forgot? [Exit. 148]

137. *to*] too F.

2

The Merry Wiues of Windsor.

Actus Secundus. Scœna Prima.

Near PAGES House.

Enter Mistris PAGE, with a Letter; (& later, Mistris FORD, Master PAGE, Master FRANK FORD, PISTOLL, NIM, QUICKLY, Host, SHALLOW.)*

Mist. Page. What ! haue I scap'd Loue-letters in the holly-day-time of my beauty, and am I now a subiect for them ? let me see !

3

[Reads] *Aske me no reaſon why I loue you ; for though Loue vſe Reason for his phycian, hee admits him not for his Counſailour. You are not yong ; no more am I ! Goe to, then, there's ſympathie ! You are merry ; ſo am I ! Ha, ha ! then [7 there's more ſympathie ! You loue ſacke ; and ſo do I ! would you deſire better ſympathie ? Let it ſuffice thee, Mistris Page, (at the leaſt, if the loue of a Souldier can ſuffice,) that I loue thee ! I will not ſay, 'pitty mee ! ' tis not a Souldier-like phrase ; but I ſay, 'loue me !'*

12

*By me, thine owne true Knight, by day or night :
Or any kinde of light, with all his might,
For thee to fight.* *JOHN FALSTAFFE.*

What a *Herod* of *Iurie* is this ! O wicked, wicked world ! One that is well-nye worne to peeces with age, to show

1. *¶* F om.

* See Q₂, below.

5. *phycian*] Dyce (Johnson
conj.), *precision* F. (Cp. Sonnet

147, l. 5 : 'My reasons, the Philiſtian to my loue.'

10. *a*] F3.

[II. i.] *Enter Mistresse Page, reading of a Letter.*

Mis Pa. [reads] Mistresse Page, I loue you ! Aske me no reason, 2 because they'r impossible to alledge. You'r faire, and I am fat. You loue sack ; ſo do I. As I am ſure I haue no mind but to loue, ſo I 4 know you haue no hart but to grant. A ſouldier doth not uſe many words, where a¹ letter may ſerue for a ſentence. I loue you, and ſo I leaue you !

Yours, Syr Iohn Falſtaffe. 15

Now, Ieshu blesſe me ! Am I methomorphiſed ? I think I knowe not my ſelfe ! Why, what a Gods name doth this man ſee in me,

* a A Q.

23

[II. i. 1-17.]

The Merry Wiues of Windsor.

himselfe a yong Gallant ! What an vnwaied Behauour hath this *Flemish* drunkard pickt (with the Deuills name !) out [19 of my conuersation, that he dares in this manner affay me ? Why, hee hath not beene thrice in my Company ! What should I say to him ? I was then Frugall of my mirth : (Heauen forgine mee !) why, Ile Exhibit a Bill in the [23 Parliament, for the putting downe of men ! How shall I be reueng'd on him ? for, reueng'd I will be, as sure as his guts are made of puddings !

26

*Enter Mistresse FORD.**

Mis. Ford. Mistris Page ! trust me, I was going to your house.

Mis. Page. And trust me, I was comming to you ! you looke very ill.

30

Mis. Ford. Nay, Ile nere beleue that ! I haue, to shew to the contrary.

Mis. Page. 'Faith, but you doe, in my minde !

33

Mis. Ford. Well : I doe then ! yet I say, I could shew you to the contrary. O Mistris Page, giue mee some counsaile !

Mis. Page. What's the matter, woman ?

36

Mi. Ford. O, woman ! if it were not for one trifling respect, I could come to such honour !

Mi. Page. Hang the trifle, (woman !) Take the honour ! what is it ? Dispence with trifles ! What is it ?

40

*26. *Enter . . .*] Q.

31. *beleuee*] beleeee F.

10 that *thus he shoothes at my honestie ? Well, but that I knowe my owne heart, I should scarcely perswade my selfe I were hand.* Why,
12 *what an vnreasonable woolsack is this ! He was neuer twice in my companie ; and if then I thought I gave such assurance with my eies, Ide pul them out ! they should neuer see more holie daies.* Well,
16 *I shall trust fat men the worse while I live, for his sake !* [1. 48-9] *O God, that I knew how to be reuenged of him ! But in good time, heeres Mistresse Foord !*

Enter Mistresse Foord.

18 *Mis. For. How now, Mistris Page ! are you reading Lone Letters ? [1 How do you, woman ?*

37

Mis. Pa. O woman, I am I know not what ! In loue vp to the hard eares ! I was neuer in such a case in my life.

37, 39

The Merry Wiues of Windsor.

Mi. Ford. If I would but goe to hell, (for an eternall moment, or so,) I could be knighted! 42

Mi. Page. What? thou liest! Sir *Alice Ford!* these Knights will hacke; and so thou shouldest not alter the article of thy Gentry. 45

Mi. Ford. Wee burne day-light: heere! read, read! [*Glues letter*] perceiue how I might bee knighted. I shall thinke the worfe of fat men, as long as I haue an eye to make difference of mens liking. And yet, hee would not fweare; praised [⁴⁹ 49] womens modesty; and gave such orderly and wel-behaued reprooфе to al vncormelinesse, that I would haue sworne his disposition would haue gone to the truth of his words; but they doe no more adhere and keep place together, then [⁵³ 53] the hundred Psalms¹ to the tune of 'Green-sleeues.' What tempeſt (I troa) threw this Whale (with ſo many Tuns of oyle in his belly) aſhoare at *Windfor*? How ſhall I bee reuenged on him? I thinke the beſt way were, to enter- [⁵⁷ 57] taine him with hope, till the wicked fire of luſt haue melted him in his owne greace. Did you euer heare the like?

Mif. Page. Letter for letter! but that the name of *Page* and *Ford* differs! To thy great comfort in this mystery of ill opinions, heere's the twyn-brother of thy Letter! [*Glues it*] but let thine inherit first! for (I protest,) mine never [⁶³ 63] ſhall! I warrant he hath a thouſand of theſe Letters, writ with blancke-space for diſſerent names, (ſure, more): and theſe are of the ſecond edition: hee will print them, out of doubt; for he cares not what hee puts into the preſſe, when he [⁶⁷ 67] would put vs two. I had rather be a Giantesſe, and lye vnder Mount *Pelion*! Well, I will find you twentie laſciuious Turtles, ere one chaſte man! 70

49. *praised*] Theobald. praise F. here it may stand for 'the .150.

¹ *Hundredth Psalm*, Rowe. But Psalms of David' (1539). 'hundred' was used vaguely; and

22 *Mis. Ford.* In loue! Now, in the name of God, with whom? *Mis. Pa.* With one that ſweares he loues me; and I must not choose but do the like againe. *I prethie, looke on that Letter!*

24 *Mis. For.* Hee match your letter iuft with the like, line for line, word for word! [72, p. 26] Only the name of misteris Page, and misteris Foord disagrees: Do me the kindnes to looke vpon this! 61

28 *Mis. Pa.* Why, this is right my letter! O most notorious

The Merry Wiues of Windsor.

Mis. Ford. Why! this is the very fame! the very hand!
the very words! What doth he thinke of vs? 72

Mis. Page. Nay, I know not! it makes me almost readie
to wrangle with mine owne honesty. Ile entertaine my selfe
like one that I am not acquainted withall; for sure, vnlesse
hee know some straine in mee, that I know not my selfe, hee
would never haue boorded me in this furie. 77

Mi. Ford. 'Boording!' call you it? Ile bee sure to keepe
him aboue decke. 79

Mi. Page. So will I! if hee come vnder my hatches, Ile
never to Sea againe. Let's bee reueng'd on him! let's
appoint him a meeting! giue him a shew of comfort in his
Suit, and lead him on with a fine-baited delay, till hee hath
pawn'd his horses to mine Hoff of the *Garter*. 84

Mi. Ford. Nay, I wil consent to act any villany against
him, that may not fully the chariness of our honesty! oh
that my husband saw this Letter! it would giue eternall food
to his iealousie. 88

Mis. Page. Why, look where he comes! and my good
man too! Hee's as farre from iealousie as I am from giuing
him cause; and that, (I hope,) is an vnmeasurable distance.

Mis. Ford. You are the happier woman. 92

Mis. Page. Let's consult together against this greafie
Knight! Come hither! [They retire.

*Enter FRANK FORD, PAGE, PISTOLL, and NYM.**

Ford. Well: I hope it be not so!

Pist. Hope is a curtall-dog in some affaires:

96

94. *Enter . . . Nym*] Q.

30 *villaine!* Why, what a *bladder of iniquitie* is this! [71] Lets be
reuenged, what so ere we do! [L. 81]

32 Mis. For. Reuenged [56, p. 25]. *If we live, weel be reuenged!*
O Lord, if my husband should see this Letter! Ifaith, this would
even giue edge to his Jealousie! 88

Enter Ford, Page, Pistoll and Nym.

34 Mis. Pa. See where our husbands are! Mine's as far from
Jealousie, as I am from *wronging* him. 90

36 Pis. Ford, the words I speake are forst. 100, p. 27
Beware! take heed! for Falstaffe loues thy wife: 97, 108, p. 27

II. i. 71-96.]

26

The Merry Wiues of Windsor.

Sir *John* affects thy wife !

Ford. Why, fir, my wife is not young.

Pist. He wooses both high and low, both rich & poor,
Both yong and old, one with another, (*Ford!*) 100
He loues the Gally-mawfry. *Ford,* perpend !

Ford. Loue my wife ?

Pist. With liuer, burning hot ! preuent ; or goe thou,
Like Sir *Aeteon* he, with *Ring-wood* at thy heeles. 104
O, odious is the name !

Ford. What name, Sir ?

Pist. 'The horne,' I say ! Farewell ! 107
Take heed ! haue open eye ! for theeues doe foot by night.
Take heed, ere sommer comes, or Cuckoo-birds do sing !

[*To Nym*] Away, fir Corporall *Nim* !

[*To Page*] Beleeue it, *Page* ! he speakes fence. [Exit.*

Ford. I will be patient ; I will find out this ! 112

Nim. [*to Page*] And this is true : I like not the humor of
lying. Hee hath wronged mee in some humors : I should
haue borne the humour'd Letter to her ; but I haue a fword ;
and it shall bite vpon my necessitie. He loues your [116
wife ! There's the shourt and the long !

My name is Corporall *Nim* : I speake, and I auouch, 'tis true !
My name is *Nim* : and *Falstaffe* loues your wife ! adieu !
I loue not the humour of bread and cheese ; and theres the
humor of it.† Adieu ! [Exit Nym. 121

Page. 'The humour of it,' (quoth'a?) Heere's a fellow
frights *English* out of his wits !

*111. *Exit*] *Exit Pistoll Q.* 121. *Exit Nym*] *Q.*
†121. *and . . . it*] *Q.* *Capell.* 123. *English*] *F.* humor *Q.*

When Pistoll lies, do this ! [Draws his hand across his throat.

Ford. Why, sir, my wife is not young. 98

40 *Pis.* He wooses both yong and old, both rich and poore : 99

None comes amis. I say, he loues thy wife ! 107, 101

Faire warning did I give ; take heed ! 109

For sommer comes, and Cuckoo birds appeare. 109

44 ¶ *Page, believe him, what he ses ! ¶ Away, sir Corporall Nym !* 110

[*Exit Pistoll.*

Nym. [*to Page*] *Syr,* the humor of it is, he loues your wife. I
should ha borne the humor Letter to her : I speake, and I auouch
tis true ! My name is *Nym*. *Farewell !* I loue not the humor of
48 bread and cheese ; and theres the humor of it ! [*Exit Nym. 115-121*

27 [II. i. 97-123.

The Merry Wiues of Windsor.

Ford. I will seeke out *Falstaffe*!

Page. I neuer heard such a drawling-affecting rogue. 125

Ford. If I doe finde it; well!

Page. I will not beleuee such a *Cataian*, though the Priest o' th'Towne commended him for a true man!

Ford. 'Twas a good sensible fellow; well! 129

Page. [to his Wife] How now, *Meg*?

Mist. Page. Whether goe you, *George*? Harke you!

Mis. Ford. How now, (sweet *Frank*,) why art thou melancholy? 133

Ford. I melancholy? I am not melancholy! Get you home! goe!

Mis. Ford. Faith, thou haft some crochets in thy head!

¶ Now, will you goe, *Mistris Page*? 137

Mis. Page. Haue with you! ¶ You'll come to dinner, *George*? [Sees QUICKLY] ¶ Looke who comes yonder! shee shall bee our Messenger to this paltrie Knight.

Mis. Ford. Trust me, I thought on her! shee'll fit it! 141

Enter Mistreffe QUICKLY.*

Mis. Page. You are come to see my daughter *Anne*?

Qui. I, forsooth! and, I pray, how do's good *Mistresse Anne*? 144

*141. *Enter . . . Quickly*] Q.

Pa. 'The humor of it,' quoth you? Heres a fellow frites humor 50 out of his wits! 123

Mis. Pa. How now, sweet *hart*? how dost thou? 133

52 Pa. How now, *Meg*? ¶ How do you, *mistris Ford*? 130

Mis. For. Well, I thanke you, good *M. Page*! How now,

husband? how chaunce thou art so melancholy? 133

Ford. Melancholy? I am not melancholy! Goe, get you in! 56 goe! 135

Mis. For. [to Mis. Page] God save me! see who yonder is! [139

Weele set her a worke in this businesse. 142

Mis. Pa. O, sheele serue excellent! 143

Enter *Mistresse* QUICKLY.²

60 ¶ Now, you come to see my daughter *An*, I am sure. 142

Quic. I, forsooth; that is my comming! 143

* man Q.

² after line 51 Q.

The Merry Wiues of Windsor.

Mis. Page. Go in with vs and see! we haue an houres talke with you.

[*Mis. PAGE, Mis. FORD, & QUI. go into PAGES house.*¹]

Page. How now, Maister Ford?

¹⁴⁷

For. You heard what this knaue told me, did you not?

Page. Yes, and you heard what the other told me.

Ford. Doe you thinke there is truth in them?

¹⁵⁰

Pag. Hang 'em, flanes! I doe not thinke the Knight would offer it. But these that accuse him in his intent towards our wiues, are a yoake of his discarded men: very rogues, now they be out of seruice!

¹⁵⁴

Ford. Were they his men?

Page. Marry, were they.

Ford. I like it neuer the better for that. Do's he lye at the *Garter*? ¹⁵⁸

Page. I, marry, do's he. If hee should intend this voyage toward my wife, I would turne her loose to him; and what hee gets more of her, then sharpe words, let it lye on my head! ¹⁶²

Ford. I doe not misdoubt my wife; but I would bee loath to turne them together. A man may be too confident. I would haue nothing lye on my head. I cannot be thus fatisfied. ¹⁶⁵

Page. Looke where my ranting-Hoſt of the *Garter* comes!

¹ *Mis. Page . . . house.* See Q, below.

62 *Mis. Pa.*¹ *Come, go in with me!* *Come, Mistresse Ford!* ¹⁴⁵
Mis. For. *I follow you, Mistresse Page.*

[*Exit Mistresse Ford, Mis. Page, and Quickly.*

64 *For. Maister Page, did you heare what these fellowes said?* ¹⁴⁸
Pa. Yes, Maister Ford! *What of that, sir?* ¹⁴⁷⁻⁹

For. Do you thinke it is true that they told vs? ^{148, 150}

Pa. No, by my troth, do I not! *I rather take them to be paltry lying*

*68 knaues, such as rather speaks of enuie, then of any certaine they haue of any thing. And for the knight; perhaps he hath spoke merrily, as the fashion of fat men is.*² *But should he loue my wife, ifaith Ide turne her loose to him: and what he got more of her, then ill looks, and shrowd words; why, let me beare the penaltie* ¹⁶²
72 of it!

For. Nay, I do not mistrust my wife; yet Ide be loth to turne ¹⁶³⁻⁴
75 them together. A man may be too confident.

¹ Ba Q.

² are Q.

The Merry Wiues of Windsor.

there is eyther liquor in his pate, or mony in his purse, when hee lookes so merrily.

*Enter Host and Shallow.**

¶ How now, mine Host ! 169

Host. How now, Bully-Rooke ! thou'rt a Gentleman.

¶ Cauelero Iustice, I say !

Shal. I follow, (mine Host,) I follow ! ¶ Good-euen, and twenty, good Master Page ! Master Page, wil you go with vs ? we hane sport in hand. 174

Host. Tell him, Cauelero-Iustice ! tell him, Bully-Rooke !

Shall. Sir, there is a fray to be fought, betweene Sir *Hugh* the Welch Priest, and *Caius* the French Doctor. 177

Ford. Good mine Host o'th' Garter ! a word with you !

Host. What saist thou, my Bully-Rooke ? 179

[† *FORD and the Host talke apart.*

Shal. [to PAGE] Will you goe with vs to behold it ? My merry Host hath had the measuring of their weapons ; and (I thinke,) hath appointed them contrary places ; for (beleeue mee,) I heare the Parson is no Iesster. Harke ! I will tell you what our sport shall be. [SHAL. & PAGE talke apart. 184

[HOST & FORD come forward.

*168. *Enter . . . Shallow*] Q.

†179. *Ford . . . talke*] Q.

76 Pa. Here comes my ramping Host of the Garter ! Ther's either licker in his hed, or mony in his purse, that he lookes so merrily. 166-8

Enter Host and Shallow.¹

¶ Now, mine Host ?

Host. God blesse you, my bully-rooke ! God blesse you ! ¶ Cauelera

80 Iustice, I say ! 171

Shal. At hand, (mine Host,) at hand ! ¶ Maister Ford, god den to you ! ¶ God den an twentie, good Maister Page ! I tell you, sir, we haue sport in hand.

84 Host. Tell him, cauelera Iustice ! tell him, bully rooke ! 175

Ford. Mine Host a the Garter !

Host. What ses my bully rooke ?

Ford. A word with you, sir. 178 [Ford and the Host talkes.

88 Shal. Harke you, sir ! Ile tell you what the sport shall be : [184 Doctor Cayus and sir Hu are to fight [177] ; my merrie Host hath had the measuring of their weapons, and hath appointed them 91 contrary places. *Harke in your eare !* 183

¹ after 'confident,' line 75 Q.

The Merry Wiues of Windsor.

Host. Hast thou no suit against my Knight? my guest-
Caualeire?

Ford. None, I protest! but Ile giue you a pottle of burn'd
sacke, to giue me recourse to him, and tell him my name is
Brooke: onely for a iest. 189

Host. My hand, Bully! Thou shalt haue egreffe and
regreffe, (said I well?) and thy name shall be *Brooke.** It
is a merry Knight! ¶ Will you goe, An-heires¹? 192

Shal. Haue with you, mine *Host!*

Page. I haue heard the *French-man* hath good skill in his
Rapier. 195

Shal. Tut, fir! I could haue told you more: In these
times you stand on distance, your Passes, Stoccado's, and I
know not what. 'Tis the heart, (Master *Page*)! 'tis heere, 'tis
heere! I haue feene the time, with my long-sword, I would
haue made you fowre tall fellowes skippe like Rattes. 200

Host. Heere, boyes! heere, heere! shall we wag? 201

^{187.} *Ford*] Q3. *Shal.* F.

^{189.} *Brooke* Q. (See 'Brookes' ¹ that ore'flowes such liquor, II. ii. 135.) *Broome* F, throughout.

¹ *An-heires.* ? an invention of the Host's, for Dutch 'een Heer, a Lord, a Master, or a Sir;' or, for *Myneheers.*

92 *Host.* Hast thou no shute against my knight, my guest, *my* cauellira? 186

For, None, I protest! But tell him my name is *Brooke*,¹ onlie
for a iest.

96 *Host.* My hand, Bully! Thou shalt haue egres and regres, and
thy name shall be *Brooke.* Sed I well, *bully Hector?* 191

Shal. I tell you what, Maister *Page*; I beleue the *Doctor* is no
Iester [183]; *heele laie it on!* For tho we be Iustices and Doctors,
100 and Church-men, yet we are the sonnes of women, Maister *Page*.
[II. iii. 40-42, p. 45]

Pa. True, Maister *Shallow*.

Shal. It will be found so, Maister *Page*. [II. iii. 43-4, p. 45]

104 *Pa.* Maister *Shallow*, you your selfe haue bene a great fighter,
tho now a man of peace. [II. iii. 36-7, p. 45]

Shal. Maister *Page* *I haue seene the day that yong tall fellowes*
with their stroke & their passado, I haue made them trudge, Maister
108 *Page!* *A, tis the hart, the hart doth all!* I haue seene the *day*,
with my *two-hand* sword I would a made you foure tall *Fencers*
scippe² like Rattes. 188-200

111 *Host.* Here, boyes! shall we wag, *shall we wag?* 201

¹ *Brooke* Q.

² *scippe* Q.

The Merry Wiues of Windsor.

Page. Haue with you! I had rather heare them scold, then fight. [^{*}Exit Host, and SHALLOW, & PAGE. 203

Ford. Though *Page* be a secure foole, and stands so firmly on his wiues frailty, yet I cannot put-off my opinion so easilly: She was in his company at *Pages* house; and what they made there, I know not. Well, I wil looke further into't! [207 and I haue a diguise, to found *Falstaffe*. If I finde her honest, I loose not my labor; if she be otherwise, 'tis labour well bestowed! [Exit. 210

Actus Secundus. Scœna Secunda.

A Room in the Garter Inn.

Enter FALSTAFFE, PISTOLL, (¶ later, ROBIN, QUICKLY, BARDOLFFE, FORD.)

Fal. I will not lend thee a penny!

Pist. Why, then the world's mine Oyster, which I, with fword, will open.—I will retort the sum in equipage! * 3

Fal. Not a penny! I haue beene content (Sir,) you should lay my countenance to pawne; I haue grated vpon my good friends for three Repreeues for you, and your Coach-fellow Nym; (or else you had look'd through the grate, like a [7

*203. *Exit . . . Shallow*] Q. 210. *Exit*] Exeunt F.
†3. *I . . . equipage*] Q.

112 *Shal.* Ha with you, mine host! [*Exit Host and Shallow.* 203
Pa. Come, Maister Ford, shall we to dinner? I know these fel-
lowes sticks in your minde.

For. No, in good sadness, not in mine! (Yet, for all this, He try it
116 further [207]; I will not leaue it so.) Come, Maister Page, shall we to dinner?

118 *Pa.* With all my hart, sir! He follow you. [Exit omnes.

[II. ii.] Enter *Syr John, and Pistoll.*

Fal. Hele not lend thee a peny!

Pis. I will retort the sum in equipage!

Fal. Not a pennie! I haue beene content you shuld lay my
4 countenance to pawne; I haue grated vpon my good friends for 3.
reprises, for you and your Coach-fellow Nym, (else you might a [7

II. i. 202-210; ii. 1-7.] 32

The Merry Wiues of Windsor.

Geminy of Baboones;) I am damn'd in hell, for swearing [8
to Gentlemen my friends, you were good Souldiers, and tall-
fellowes. And when Mistresse *Briget* lost the handle of her
Fan, I took't vpon mine honour thou hadst it not. ii

Pis. Didst not thou share? hadst thou not fifteene pence?

Fal. Reason, you roague! reason! thinkst thou Ile endanger
my soule, *gratis*? At a word, hang no more about mee! I
am no gibbet for you: goe! a short knife, and a throng! [15
To your Mannor of *Pickt-hatch*! goe! 'You'll not beare a
Letter for mee,' you roague! you stand vpon your 'honor'!
Why (thou vncorinable basenesse!) it is as much as I can doe
to keepe the termes of my honor¹ precise: I, I, I my [19
selfe sometimes, (leauing the feare of Heauen on the left hand,
and hiding mine honor in my necessity,) am faine to shuffe,
to hedge, and to lurch; and yet, you, Rogue, will en-sconce
your rags, your Cat-a-Mountaine-lookes, your red-lattice [23
phrases, and your bold-beating-oathes, vnder the shelter of
your 'Honor'! 'you will not doe it'? you! 25

Pis. I doe relent! what would thou more of man?

Enter ROBIN.

Robin. Sir, here's a woman would speake with you. 27

Fal. Let her approach! [Exit ROBIN.

¹ *honor*] honor F.

6 looked thorow a grate like a geminy of Babones,) I am damned in
hell for swearing to Gentlemen, you'r good souldiers and tall
8 fellowes. And when mistrisse *Briget* lost the handle of her Fan, I
tooke 't¹ on my honour² thou hadst it not. ii

Pis. Didst thou not share? hadst thou not fifteene pence? 12

Fal. Reason, you rogue! reason! Doest thou think Ile in-
12 danger my soule *gratis*? *In briefe*, hang no more about mee! I am
no gybit for you! A short knife and a throng! To your manner
of *Pickt-Hatch*, goe! 'Youle not beare a Letter for me,' you rogue,
you! You stand vpon your 'honor'! Why, (thou vncorinable [18
16 basenesse, thou!) tis as much as I can do to keep the termes of my
honor precise. I, I my selfe sometimes, (leauing the feare of *God*
on the left hand,) am faine to shuffel, to *filch* & to lurch. And yet
you stand vpon your 'honor', you rogue! You, you! 17, 25

20 *Pis.* I do *recant*! what wouldst thou more of man?

Fal. Well, go to! away! no more!

¹ took 't F. tooked Q.

² honour F. ho- Q.

The Merry Wiues of Windsor.

Enter Mistrefse Quickly, usher'd by ROBIN.*

Qui. Glue your worship good morrow ! 29
 Fal. Good-morrow, good-wife !
 Qui. Not so, and't please your worship. 31
 Fal. Good maid, then !
 Qui. That I am,† Ile be sworne ;
 As my mother was, the first houre I was borne ! 34
 Fal. I doe beleue the fweare ! What with me ?
 Qui. Shall I vouch-safe your worship a word, or two ?
 Fal. Two thousand, (faire woman !) and ile vouchsafe thee
 the hearing. 38
 Qui. There is one Mistrefse *Ford*, (Sir,), (I pray come a
 little neerer this waies :) I my selfe dwell with Master Doctor
Caius :
 Fal. Well, on ! 'Mistrefse *Ford*,' you say. 42
 Qui. Your worship faies very true. (I pray your worship
 come a little neerer this waies.)
 Fal. I warrant thee, no-bodie heares : mine owne people,
 mine owne people ! 46
 Qui. Are they so ? Heauen blesse them, and make them
 his Seruants !
 Fal. Well ! 'Mistrefse *Ford* : ' what of her ? 49
 Qui. Why, Sir, shee's a good-creature. Lord, Lord ! your
 Worshipp's a wanton ! well ! Heauen forgiue you, and all of
 vs, I pray——. 52

* Enter . . . Quickly] Q. †33. That I am] Q.

Enter Mistrefse Quickly.

22 Quic. Good you god den, sir ! 29
 Fal. Good den, faire wife !
 24 Quic. Not so, ant like your worship.
 Fal. Faire mayd, then.
 Quic. That I am, Ile be sworne,
 As my mother was, the first houre I was borne. 34
 28 Sir, I would speake with you in private !
 Fal. Say on, I prethy ! heeres none but my owne houshold. 42, 45
 Quic. Are they so ? Now God blesse them, and make them his
 seruants ! Syr, I come from Mistrefse Foord. 39
 32 Fal. So : 'from Mistrefse Foord.' Goe on ! 49
 Quic. I, sir, she hath sent me to you, to let you understand she hath
 received your Letter ; And, let me tell you, she is one stands vpon her
 credit.
 36 Fal. Well, come, Misteris *Ford*, Misteris *Ford* ! 53
 II. ii. 29-52.] 34

The Merry Wiues of Windsor.

Fal. 'Mistresse Ford!' Come, 'Mistresse Ford!' 53

Qui. Marry, this is the short, and the long of it: you haue brought her into such a Canaries, as 'tis wonderfull! The best Courtier of them all (when the Court lay at *Windfor*) could neuer haue brought her to such a Canarie! yet [57 there has beene Knights, and Lords, and Gentlemen, with their Coaches; I warrant you, Coach after Coach, letter after letter, gift after gift, smelling so sweetly; all Muske, and so rushling, (I warrant you,) in filke and golde; and in [61 such alligant termes; and in such wine and suger of the best, and the fairest, that would haue wonne any womans heart: and (I warrant you,) they could neuer get an eye-winke of her! I had my selfe twentie Angels giuen me [65 this morning,—but I defie all Angels, (in any such sort, as they say,) but in the way of honesty:—and (I warrant you,) they could neuer get her so much as pippe on a cup with the prowdest of them all; and yet there has beene Earles: [69 nay, (which is more,) Pentioners, but (I warrant you,) all is one with her. 71

Fal. But what saies shee to mee? be briefe, my good shee-
Mercurie! 73

Qui. Marry, she hath receiu'd your Letter: for the which she thankes you a thousand times; and she giues you to notifie, that her husband will be absence from his house, betweene ten and eleuen. 77

Fal. 'Ten, and eleuen.'

Qui. I, forsooth! and then you may come and see the picture (she sayes,) that you wot of. Master *Ford*, her husband, will be from home. Alas! the sweet woman leades an ill life with him! hee's a very ialoulie-man! she leads a very frampold life with him, (good hart)! 83

Fal. 'Ten, and eleuen.' Woman! commend me to her! I will not faile her. 85

Quic. I, sir, and as they say, she is not the first hath bene led in a fooles paradise!

Fal. Nay, prethy, be briefe, my good she Mercury! 72

40 *Quic.* Mary sir. Sheed haue you meet her betweene eight and nine. [See III. v. 40-1, p. 71]

Fal. So! 'betweene eight and nine!' [III. v. 47, p. 71]

43 *Quic.* I, forsooth; for then her husband goes a birding. [46, 80; III. v. 38

[II. ii. 53-85.

The Merry Wiues of Windsor.

Qui. Why, you say well. But I haue another messenger [86 to your worship: Mistrefse *Page* hath her heartie commendations to you too: and let mee tell you in your eare, shee's as fartuous a ciuill modest wife, and one (I tell you,) that [89 will not misse you morning nor euening prayer, as any is in *Windfor*, who ere bee the other: and shee bade me tell your worship, that her husband is feldome from home; but shee hopes there will come a time. I neuer knew a woman [93 so doate vpon a man! surely I thinke you haue charmes, la! yes, in truth! 95

Fal. Not I, I assure thee! setting the attraction of my good parts aside, I haue no other charmes. 97

Qui. Bleffing on your heart for't!

Fal. But I pray thee, tell me this: has *Fords* wife, and *Pages* wife acquainted each other, how they loue me? 100

Qui. That were a iest indeed! they haue not so little grace, I hope: that were a tricke indeed! But Mistris *Page* would desire you to send her your little *Page* of al lounes: her husband has a maruellous infection to the little *Page*: and truely, [104 Master *Page* is an honest man! Neuer a wife in *Windfor* leades a better life then shee do's! Doe what shee will, say what shee will, take all, pay all, goe to bed when shee list, rise when shee list, all is as shee will! And truly she deserues [108 it; for if there be a kinde woman in *Windfor*, she is one. You must send her your *Page*! no remedie! 110

88. *too*] to F.

44 *Fal.* Well, commend me to thy *mistris*; tel her I will not faile her. ¶ *Boy, give her my purse!* 119 (p. 37)
Quic. Nay, sir, I haue another *arant to do to you, from* Misteris *Page.* 86

48 *Fal.* 'From Misteris *Page*?' *I, prethy, what of her?*
Quic. By my troth, I think you work by *Inchantments*, els they could never loue you as they doo. 94

52 *Fal.* Not I, I assure thee! Setting the attraction of my good parts aside, I vse no other *inchantments!* 97

Quic. Well sir, she loues you extremely; and let me tell you; [88] shees one that feares God, and her husband giues her leaue to do all; [89, 92, 103, 107] For he is not halfe so iealousie as Maister *Ford* is.

56 *Fal.* But *harke* thee, hath misteris *Page* & *mistris Ford*, acquainted each other how dearly they loue me? 100

58 *Quic.* O God, no, sir! there were a iest indeed! 101

The Merry Wiues of Windsor.

Fal. Why, I will.

111

Qu. Nay, but doe so, then ; and looke you, hee may come and goe betweene you both ; and, in any case, haue a nay-word, that you may know one anothers minde ; and the Boy neuer neede to vnderstand any thing ; for 'tis not good [115 that children shoulde know any wickednes : 'olde folkes (you know,) haue discretion,' as they say, and know the world. 117

Fal. Farethee-well ! Command mee to them both ! there's my purse ! I am yet thy debter. ¶ Boy ! Goe along with this woman ! (This newes distractes me !) 120

[*Exeunt Mistresse Quickly & Boy.*¹]

Pif. This Puncke is one of *Cupids* Carriers.

121

Clap on more failes ! pursue ! vp with your fights !

Giue fire ! she is my prize ; or Ocean whelme them all ! 123

[*Exit.*]

Fal. Saift thou so, (old *Iacke*,) go thy waies ! Ile make more of thy olde body then I haue done ! Will they yet looke [125 after thee ? wilt thou, after the expence of so much money, be now a gainer ? Good Body, I thanke thee ! let them say 'tis grossly done ; so it bee fairely done, no matter ! 128

Enter BARDOLFE, with a cup of sacke.*

Bar. Sir *John*, there's one Maister *Brooke* below, would faine speake with you, and be acquainted with you ; and hath sent your worship a mornings draught of Sacke.

Fal. 'Brooke,' is his name ? [Drinks]

132

Bar. I, Sir !

Fal. Call him in ! such 'Brookes' are welcome to [134

¹ See Q. l. 61, below.

*128. *Enter Bardolfe* Q.

*Fal.*¹ Well, farwel ! commend me to *misteris Ford*, 'I will not faile her,' say !

60 *Quic.* God be with your worship !

118 [III. v. p. 70

[*Exit Mistresse Quickly.*]

Enter Bardolfe, with a cup of sacke.

62 *Bar.* Sir, heer's a Gentleman, one Maister Brooke, would speak with you. *He* hath sent you a cup of sacke.

129-131

64 *Fal.* 'Maister Brooke' ! hees welcome ! Bid him come vp ! Such 'Brookes' are alwaies welcome to me ! [*Exit BAR.*] ¶ *A*, Iack, will 66 thy old bodie yet hold out ? Wilt thou, after the expence of [126

¹ Fol. Q.

The Merry Wiues of Windsor.

mee, that ore'flowes such liquor! [Exit **BARDOLPH.**] ¶ Ah ha, Mistresse *Ford*, and Mistresse *Page*! haue I encompaf'd you? Goe to! via!

137

*Re-enter BARDOLPH, with FORD disguised like BROOKE.*¹

Ford. Bleffe you, fir!

138

Fal. And you, fir! Would you speake with me?

Ford. I make bold, to preffe (with so little preparation) vpon you.

141

Fal. You'r welcome! what's your will? ¶ Giue vs leaue, Drawer!

[Exit **BARDOLPH.**]

Ford. Sir, I am a Gentleman that haue spent much: my name is *Brooke*.

145

Fal. Good Master *Brooke*, I desire more acquaintance of you.

147

Ford. Good Sir *John*, I sue for yours! not to charge you; for I must let you vnderstand, I thinke my selfe in better plight for a Lender, then you are: the which hath something emboldned me to this vnfseason'd intrusion: for they say, 'if money goe before, all waies doe lye open.'

152

Fal. Money is a good Souldier, (Sir!) and will on.

Ford. Troth, and I haue a bag of money heere troubles me: if you will helpe to beare it (Sir *John*), take all, or halfe, for easing me of the carriage!

156

¹ See Q. below.

so much mony, be now a gainer? Good bodie, I thanke thee! [127
68 and Ile make more of thee then I ha done. *Ha, ha, Misteris* [125
Ford, and Misteris *Page*, haue I caught you a the hip? go to! ¹ 136

Enter Foord disguised like Brooke.

70 For. *God sauе you, sir!*

Fal. And you *too!* Would you speake with me?

139

72 For.² *Mary, would I, sir!* I am somewhat bolde to trouble you. My name is *Brooke*.

142, 145

Fal. Good Maister *Brooke*, you'r verie welcome!

146

76 For. *Ifaith, sir, I am a gentleman and a traueller, that haue seen somewhat* [144-5]. *And I haue often heard that 'if mony goes before, all waies lie open.'*

152

Fal. Mony is a good souldier, sir, and will on.

153

80 For. *Ifaith, sir, and I haue a bag here: would you wood helpe me to beare it!*

156

¹ too Q.

² Fal. Q.

The Merry Wiues of Windsor.

Fal. Sir, I know not how I may deserue to bee your Porter.

Ford. I will tell you, sir, if you will giue mee the hearing.

Fal. Speake, (good Master *Brooke*!) I shall be glad to be
your Seruant. 160

Ford. Sir, I heare you are a Scholler: (I will be briefe
with you,) and you haue been a man long knowne to me,
though I had never so good means, as desire, to make my
selfe acquainted with you. I shall discouer a thing to [164
you, wherein I must very much lay open mine owne imper-
fection; but, (good Sir *John*,) as you haue one eye vpon my
follicies, as you heare them vnfolded, turne another into the
Register of your owne, that I may passe with a reprooфе [168
the easier, fith you your selfe know how easie it is to be such
an offender.

Fal. Very well, Sir; proceed! 171

Ford. There is a Gentlewoman in this Towne; her hus-
bands name is *Ford*.

Fal. Well, Sir? 174

Ford. I haue long lou'd her, and (I protest to you,)
bestowed much on her; followed her with a doating obser-
iance; Ingroſd opportunities to meeete her; fee'd every
slight occasion that could but nigardly giue mee fight of [178
her; not only bought many prefents to giue her, but haue
giuen largely to many, to know what shee would haue giuen:
briefly, I haue purſid her, as Loue hath purſued mee, which
hath beene on the wing of all occasions; but whatſoever [182
I haue merited, (either in my minde, or in my meanes,)
meede, (I am ſure) I haue receiued none, vnelleſſe Experience
be a Iewell. That, I haue purchased at an infinite rate, and
that hath taught mee to ſay this,— 186

Fal. O Lord! would I could tell how to deserue to be your
82 porter! 157

For. That may you easily, sir *John*! [158] I haue an earnest
84 ſute to you. But, good sir *John*, when I haue told you my griefe,
cast one eie of your owne estate, ſince your ſelfe know what tis to be
ſuch an offender.

Fal. Verie well, sir; proceed! 171

88 *For.* Sir, I am deeply in loue with one Fords wife of this Towne.
Now, sir *John*, you are a gentleman of good diſcourſing, well be-
90 loued among Ladies, a man of ſuch parts that might win 20, ſuch
as ſhe. [p. 40, l. 202, 203]

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*"Loue like a shadow flies, when substance Loue pursues,
"Pursuing that that flies, and flying what pursues!"*

Fal. Haue you recei'd no promise of satisfaction at her hands? 190

Ford. Neuer!

Fal. Haue you impórtun'd her to such a purpose?

Ford. Neuer!

Fal. Of what qualitie was your loue, then? 194

Ford. Like a fair house, built on another mans ground; so that I haue lost my edifice, by mistaking the place where I erected it.

Fal. To what purpose haue you vnfolded this to me? 198

For. When I haue told you that, I haue told you all. Some say, that though shee appeare honest to mee, yet in other places shewd enlargement her mirth so farre, that there is shrewd construction made of her. Now, (Sir Iohn,) here is the [202 heart of my purpose: you are a gentleman of excellent breeding, admirable discourse, of great admittance, authentick in your place and person, generally allow'd for your many war-like, court-like, and learned preparations. 206

Fal. O, Sir!

Ford. Beleeue it, for you know it. There is money! spend it, spend it, spend more! spend all I haue! onely give me so much of your time in exchange of it, as to lay an amiable siege to the honesty of this *Fords* wife. Vfe your Art of [211

92 *Fal.* O, good sir!

For. Nay, beleeue it, sir Iohn, for tis time! Now my Loue is so grounded upon her, that (without her loue) I shall hardly live.

Fal. Haue you impórtuned her by any means? 192

96 *Ford.* No, neuer, Sir!

Fal. Of what qualitie is your loue, then? 194

For. Ifaith sir, like a faire house set vpon another mans foundation.

Fal. And to what end haue you vnfolded this to me? 198

100 *For.* O sir, when I haue told you that, I haue¹ told you all; [217 for she, sir, stands so pure in the firme state of her honestie, that she is too bright to be looked against. Now, could I come [217-20 against her with some detection, I should sooner perswade her from her marriage vow, and a hundred such nice tearmes that shee stand vpon. [222-3

¹ I haue F. I. Q.

The Merry Wiues of Windsor.

wooing ; win her to consent to you ! If any man may, you
may as soone as any !

Fal. Would it apply well to the vehemency of your affection, that I shoulde win what you would enioy ? Methinkes you prescribe to your selfe very preposterously !

Ford. O, vnderstand my drift ! She dwells so securely on the excellency of her honor, that the folly of my soule dares not present it selfe : shee is too bright to be look'd agaist. Now, could I come to her with any detection in my [220 hand, my desires had instance and argument to commend themselves ; I could drive her then from the ward of her purity, her reputation, her marriage-vow, and a thousand other her defences, which now are too-too strongly embattaild against me. What say you to't, Sir John ?

Fal. Master *Brooke*, I will first make bold with your money ; next, gine mee your hand ! and last, as I am a gentleman, you shall, if you will, enioy *Fords* wife !

Ford. O, good Sir !

Fal. I say, you shall.

Ford. Want no money, (Sir *John*,) you shall want none !

Fal. Want no *Mistresse Ford* (Master *Brooke*,) you shall want none ! I shall be with her (I may tell you,) by her owne appointment,—(euen as you came in to me, her affistant, [234 or goe-betweene, parted from me :)—I say I shall be with her betweene ten and eleuen ; for at that time the iealous- [236

225. *to't*] *too't* F.

106 *Fal.* *Why*, would it apply well to the veruensie of your affection, that *another* should *possesse* what you would enioy ? Methinkes 108 you prescribe verie preposterously to your selfe !

For. *No, sir, for by that meanes should I be certaine of that which I now misdoubt.*

112 *Fal.* *Well*, Maister Brooke, Ile first make bold with your mony ; next, gine me your hand ! *Lastly*, you shall *and* you will, enioy *Fords* wife !

For. O good sir !

Fal. *Maister Brooke*, I say, you shall !

116 *Fal.* Want no mony, Syr *John* ! you shall want none !

Fal. Want no *Misteris Ford*, Maister *Brooke*, you shall want none.

Euen as you came to me, her *spokes-mate*, her go-between parted from me. I may tell you, *Maister Brooke*, I am to meet her between 120 8. and 9. [III. v. 112, p. 74] for at that time the *Jealous Cuckally*

The Merry Wiues of Windsor.

raſcally-knaue her husband will be forth. Come you to me at night! you ſhall know how I ſpeed. 238

Ford. I am bleſt in your acquaintance! Do you know *Ford*, Sir?

Fal. Hang him, (poore Cuckoldly knaue!) I know him not! Yet I wrong him to call him 'poore': They ſay [242 the iealous wittolly-knaue hath maſſes of money, for the which his wife ſeemes to me well-fauourd. I will vſe her as the key of the Cuckoldy-rogues Coffer, & ther's my harueft-home!

Ford. I would you knew *Ford*, fir, that you might auoid him, if you ſaw him. 247

Fal. Hang him, mechanicall falt-butter rogue! I wil ſtare him out of his wits! I will awe him with my cudgell! it ſhall hang like a Meteor ore the Cuckolds hornes! Maſter *Brooke*, thou ſhalt know, I will predominate ouer the [251 pezant, and thou ſhalt lye with his wife. Come to me ſoone at night! *Ford*'s a knaue, and I will aggrauate his ſtife! Thou (Maſter *Brooke*,) ſhalt know him for knaue, and Cuckold. Come to me ſoone at night! [Exit.* 255

Ford. What a damn'd Epicurian-Raſcall is this! my heart is ready to cracke with impatience! Who ſaiers this is imprudent iealousie? My wife hath ſent to him; the howre is

*255. *Exit*] Q.

121 knaue, her husband, wil be *from home*. Come to me ſoone at night! you ſhall know how I ſpeed, *Maister Brooke*. 238

Ford. Sir, do you know *Ford*?

124 *Fal.* Hang him, poore cuckally knaue, I know him not! *And* yet I wrong him to call him 'poore'; *For* they ſay the *cuckally* knaue hath *legions of angels*, for the which his wife ſeemes to me well fauored, and Ile vſe her as the key of the *cuckally knaues* Coffer; and there's my *rāndeuowes*! 245

Ford. *Meethinkes*, ſir, it were very good that you knew *Ford*, that you might *shun* him. 247

128 *Fal.* Hang him, *cuckally knaue!* Ile ſtare him out of his wits; 132 Ile *keepe* him in awe with *this* my cudgell! It ſhall hang like a meteor¹ ore the wittolly knaues *head*, [243] *Maister Brooke*, thou ſhalt *ſee* I will predominate ore the peasant, and thou ſhalt lie with his wife. *Maister Brooke*, thou ſhalt know him for knaue and 136 cuckold! Come to me ſoone at night! [Exit *Falſtaſſe*. 248-255

Ford. What a damned Epicurian is this! My wife hath ſent *for* 138 him; the *plot* is *laid*! [259] *Pageisan Asſe*, a *foole*, a ſecure Asſe! [268

¹ meteor F. meteor Q.

The Merry Wives of Windsor.

fixt; the match is made! Would any man haue thought [259 this? See the hell of hauing a falfe woman! My bed shall be abus'd, my Coffers ransack'd, my reputation gnawne at; and I shall not onely receiue this villanous wrong, but stand vnder the adoption of abhominable termes, and by him [263 that does mee this wrong! 'Termes!' names! *Amaimon* sounds well: *Lucifer*, well: *Barbafon*, well: yet they are Diuels additions, the names of fiends! But 'Cuckold! Wittoll! Cuckold!' the Diuell himselfe hath not such a name! [267 *Page* is an Affe, a fsecure Affe! hee will truft his wife, hee will not be iealous. I will rather truft a *Fleming* with my butter, Parson *Hugh the Welsh-man* with my Cheeze, an *Irish-man* with my *Aqua-vitez*-bottle, or a Theefe to walke my ambling [271 gelding, then my wife with her selfe. Then the plots; then thee ruminates; then shee denifies! And what they thinke in their hearts they may effect, they will breake their hearts but they will effect. Heauen bee prais'd for my iealousie! [275 'Eleuen o'clocke' the howre! I will preuent this, detect my wife, bee reueng'd on *Falstaffe*, and laugh at *Page*! I will about it! better three houres too soone, then a mynute too late! Fie, fie, fie! 'Cuckold! Cuckold! Cuckold!' [Exit.* 279

Actus Secundus. Scena Tertia.

Fields west of the Town.

Enter **CAIUS, RUGBY, (& later, GEORGE PAGE, SHALLOW, SLENDER, HOST.)**

Caius. Iacke Rugby'

Rug. Sir.

1

2

*279. *Exit*] Q. Exti F.

139 Ile sooner trust an Irishman with my Aquauita bottle, *Sir Hu* [270 140 (our parson) with my cheese, a theefe to walk my ambling gelding, then my wife with her selfe! Then she plots, then she ruminates; and what *she* thinkes in *her* hart *she* may effect, *shee* breake *her* hart but *she* will effect it. *God be praised, God be praised, for my* 144 *iealousie!* *Well, Ile goe preuent him; the time drawes on.* Better *an houre too soone, then a minit too late!* *Gods my life!* Cuckold! 146 Cuckold! [Exit *Ford.* 279

[II. iii.] Enter the Doctor and his man.

1 *Doc. John Rugbie! goe looke met your eis ore de stall, and spie*
2 and you can see de parson.

43

[II. ii. 259-279; iii. 1, 2.

The Merry Wiues of Windsor.

Caius. Vat is the clocke, *Iack* ?

3

Rug. 'Tis past the howre (Sir) that Sir *Hugh* promis'd to meet.

Cai. By gar, he has faue his soule, dat he is no-come ! hee
has pray his Pible well, dat he is no-come : by gar (*Iack*
Rugby) he is dead already, if he be come !

7

Rug. Hee is wife, Sir : hee knew your worship would kill
him if he came.

Cai. By gar, de herring is no dead, so as I vill kill him !
Take your Rapier, (*Iacke* !) I vill tell you how I vill kill him.

Rug. Alas, sir, I cannot fence !

12

Cai. Villanie ! take your Rapier !

Rug. Forbeare ! heer's company !

*Enter SHALLOW, PAGE, my Host, and SLENDER.*¹

Host. 'Blesse thee, bully-Doctor !

Shal. 'Sauy you, Maister Doctor *Caius* !

16

Page. Now, good Maister Doctor !

Slen. 'Giue you good-morrow, sir !

Caius. Vat be all you (one, two, tree, fowre,) come for ?

19

Host. To see thee fight ! to see thee foigne ! to see thee
trauerse ! to see thee heere ! to see thee there ! to see thee
passe thy puncto, thy stck, thy reuerse, thy distانce, thy
montant ! Is he dead, my *Ethiopian* ? Is he dead, my [23]
Francisco ? Ha, Bully ! what faies my *Esculapius* ? my *Galien* ?
my heart of Elder ? Ha ! is he dead, bully-Stale ? is he dead ?

¹ From Q, below. F om.

3 *Rug.* Sir, I cannot tell whether he be there or no ; but I see a
 great many comming.

6 *Doc.* Bully moy, mon rapier, John Rugable ! Begar, de Herring
 be not so dead as I shall make him !

10

Enter Shallow, Page, my Host, and Slender.

Pa. God sauie you, Maister Doctor Cayus !

16

8 *Shal.* How do you, Maister Doctor ?

Host. God blesse thee, my bully doctor ! God blesse thee !

Doc. Vat be all you, (Van, to, tree,) com for, a ?

19

12 *Host.* Bully ! [24] to see thee fight, to see thee foine ! to see thee
 trauerse, to see thee here, to see thee there ! to see thee passe the
 punto, the stock, the reuverse, the distانce, the montance² ! Is a dead,

15 my francoyes³ ? Is a dead, my *Ethiopian* ? Ha, what ses my galen⁴ ?

25

15 my *Esculapius*⁴ ? Is a dead, Bullies taile⁵ ? is a dead ?

¹ Hearing Q. ² Montace Q. ³ gallon Q. ⁴ Escuolapis Q.

The Merry Wiues of Windsor.

Cai. By gar, he is de Coward-Jack-Priest of de wold ! He
is not show his face ! 27

Host. Thou art a *Castalion*, King Vrinall ! *Hector* of
Greece, (my Boy) !

Cai. I pray you, beare witnesse, that me haue stye, fise or
feuen, two, tree, howres for him, and hee is no-come ! 31

Shal. He is the wiser man (*Master Doctor*). He is a curer
of soules, and you a curer of bodies: if you shoulde fight, you
goe against the haire of your professions. ¶ Is it not true,
Master Page ? 35

Page. Master *Shallow* ! you haue your selfe beene a great
fighter, though now a man of peace. 37

Shal. Body-kins, *Master Page*, though I now be old, and
of the Peace, if I see a sword out, my finger itches to make
one ! Though wee are Iustices, and Doctors, and Church-men
(*Master Page*), wee haue some salt of our youth in vs; we
are the sones of women, (*Master Page*!) 42

Page. 'Tis true, *Master Shallow*.

Shal. It wil be found so, *Master Page* ! ¶ *Master Doctor*
Caius, I am come to fetch you home: I am sworn of the
Peace. You haue show'd your selfe a wise Physician, and Sir
Hugh hath showne himselfe a wife and patient Churchman:
you must goe with me, *Master Doctor* ! 48

Host. Pardon, Guest-Instice ! ¶ A word, Mounseur Mock-
water !

Cai. 'Mock-vater' ? vat is dat ? 51

Host. Mock-water, in our *English* tongue, is Valour, Bully !

¹ See Q, on p. 31, abuv.

49. *word*] Q.

16 *Doc.* Begar, de preest be a coward Iack *knaue* ! He dare not
shew his face ! 27

Host. Thou art a Castalian, king Vrinall ! *Hector* of Greece,
my boy ! 29

20 *Shal.* He hath showne himselfe the wiser man, Maister Doctor.
[47, 32] Sir Hugh is a *Parson*, and you a *Phisition*. You must goe
with me, Maister Doctor. 32, 46-8

Host. Pardon, *bully* Instice ! ¶ A word, Monsire Mockwater !

24 *Doc.* 'Mockwater,' vat *be*¹ dat ? 51

Host. *That* is, in our *English* tongue, Vallor, Bully ! *Vallor* !

The Merry Wiues of Windsor.

Cai. By gar, then I haue as much 'Mock-vater' as de *Englishman*. Scuruy-Jack-dog-Priest! by gar, mee vill cut his eares! 55

Host. He will Clapper-claw thee tightly, (Bully !)

Cai. 'Clapper-de-claw'? vat is dat?

Host. That is, he will make thee amends. 58

Cai. By-gar, me doe looke hee shall 'clapper-de-claw' me; for, by-gar, me vill haue it!

Host. And I will prouoke him to't, or let him wag.

Cai. Me tanck you for dat.

Host. And moreouer, Bully,—([*Aside*] ¶ But first, Maister Ghueft, and Maister Page, & eeke Caualeiro Slender, goe you through the Towne to *Frogmore*.

Page. [*aside*] Sir *Hugh* is there, is he? 66

Host. [*aside*] He is there. See what humor he is in; and I will bring the Doctor about by the Fields. Will it doe well?

Shal. [*aside*] We will doe it.)

All. Adien, good Maister Doctor!

[**Exeunt all but the Host and Doctor & RUGBY.*]

Cai. By-gar, me vill kill de Priest! for he speake for a *Lack-an-Ape* to *Anne Page*. 72

Host. Let him die! But first† sheath thy impatience; throw cold water on thy Choller! goe about the fields with mee

*70. *Exeunt . . . Rugby*] See Q, below.

†73. *But first*] Q.

Doc. Begar, den I haue as [*much*] 'mockuater' as de *English* Jack-dog *knaue!* 53

28 *Host.* He will claperclaw thee, telyt, Bully !

Doc. 'Claperclaw'? vat be dat?

Host. That is, he will make thee amends.

Doc. Begar, I do looke he shal 'claperclaw' me *den!* 58

. 32 [Host.] And Ile prouoke him to do it, or let him wag, and moreouer, Bully . . . ¶ But Maister Page and Maister *Shallow*, and eke cauellira Slender, ga you *all ouer the fields* to *Frogmore*! 65
(Pa. Sir *Hugh* is there, is he?)

36 *Host.* He is there. *Goe* see what humor hee is in. Ile bring the Doctor about by the fields: Will it do well? 68

Shal. We wil do it, *my Host.*) ¶ *Farwel*, Maister Doctor.

[**Exit all but the Host and Doctor.*]

Doc. Begar, I will kill de *cowardly* Jack preest! *He is make a foole of moy.* 72

40 *Host.* Let him die! *but first* sheth *your* impatience! throw cold water on *your* collor! *com*, go with me through the fields to *Frog-*

The Merry Wiues of Windsor.

through *Frogmore*. I will bring thee where Mistris *Anne Page* is, at a Farm-house a Feafting: and thou shalt wooe her. Cride 'game'? faid I well? 77

Cai. By-gar, mee dancke you vor dat! by gar, I loue you! and I shall procure-'a you de good Guest: de Earle, de Knight, de Lords, de Gentlemen, my patients. 80

Host. For the which, I will be thy aduersary toward *Anne Page*. Said I well?

Cai. By-gar, 'tis good! vell faid!

Host. Let vs wag then!

Cai. Come at my heeles, *Jack Rugby*! 84

[*Exeunt.*]

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

A Field near Frogmore.

Enter EUANS, SIMPLE, (& later, GEORGE PAGE, SHALLOW, SLENDER, HOST, CAIUS, RUGBY.)

Euans. I pray you now, (good Master *Slenders* feruimus-man, and friend *Simple* by your name,) which way haue you look'd for Master *Caius*, that calls himfelfe Doctor of Phisicke? 4

Sim. Marry, Sir, the *Pittie-ward*, the *Parke-ward*; euery way: *Olde-Windfor* way, and euery way but the *Towne-way*.

Euan. I most fehemently desire you, you will also looke that way. 8

more; and Ile bring thee where Mistris *An Page* is a feafting at 44 a farm house; and thou shalt wear hir. Cried 'game'? Sed I wel, *Bully*? 77

Doc. Begar, excellent vel! [83] And if you speak pour moy, I shall procure you de gesse of all de gentelmen mon patinces. *I, 48 begar, I sall!* 79, 80

Host. For the which Ile be thy aduersary to *Misteris An Page*. Sed I well? 82

Doc. *I, begar! excellent!*

52 *Host.* Let vs wag then.

Doc. *Allons¹; allons, allons!* [*Exeunt omnes.*]

[III. i.] *Enter Syr Hugh and Simple.*

1 *Sir Hu.* I pray you do so much as see if you can espie Doctor Cayus comming, and give me intelligence, or bring me vrde, if you 3 please now.

¹ alon Q.

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Sim. I will, sir!

[Exit. 9]

Euan. 'Pleffe my soule! how full of Chollors I am, and
trempling of minde! I shall be glad if he haue deceiued me!
How melancholies I am! I will knog his Vrinalls about his
knaues coftard, when I haue good oportunitys for the orke!
'Pleffe my soule!

14

[*Singſ*] *To shallow Riuers, to whose falls,* 16
Melodious Birds sing Madrigalls: 16
There will we make our Peds of Rosēs, 18
And a thouſand fragrant posies. 18
To shallow—

('Mercie on mee! I haue a great diſpoſitions to cry—)

[*Singſ*] *Melodious birds sing Madrigalls:—* 22
When as I ſat in Pabilon:— 22
And a thouſand vagram Poſies.— 24
To shallow, &c. 24

Re-enter SIMPLE.

Sim. Yonder he is comming! this way, Sir *Hugh*!

Euan. Hee's welcome!

26

[*Singſ*] *To shallow Riuers, to whose falſ:—*
 ¶ Heauen proſper the right! What weapons is he?
Sim. No weapons, Sir! There comes my Maſter, Maſter

15. *Riuers* Ruiers F.

4	Sim. I will, Sir!	[Exit. 9]
	<i>Sir Hu. Ieshu ples mee! how my hart trobes, and trobes!</i>	10, 11
	[<i>Singſ</i>] <i>And then ſhe made him bedes of Rosēs, . . .</i>	17
	And a thouſand fragrant poſies, . . .	18
8	To shallow riueres. . . .	15
	(<i>Now, ſo kад vudge me, my hart ſwelles more and more! Mee thinkes</i>	
10	<i>I can cry verie well!</i>)	20
	[<i>Singſ</i>] ¹ <i>There dwelt a man in Babylon, . . .</i>	22
12	To shallow riuers, and to falles, . . .	28
	Melodious birds sing Madrigalles. . . .	16, 21

Re-enter SIM.

Sim. Sir, here is Maſter Page, and Maſter Shallow, comming
15 hither as fast as they can!

29-30, 25

¹ Ps. 137.

The Merry Wiues of Windsor.

Shallow, and another Gentleman, from *Frogmore*, ouer the
stile, this way. 31

Euan. Pray you, giue mee my gowne; or else keepe it in
your armes. 33

*Enter PAGE, SHALLOW, and SLENDER.**

Shal. How now, Master Parson? good morrow, good Sir
Hugh! keepe a Gamester from the dice, and a good Studient
from his booke, and it is wonderfull! 36

(*Slen.* Ah, sweet *Anne Page!*)

Page. 'Sauue you, good Sir *Hugh*!

Euan. 'Pleasse you from his mercy-fake, all of you! 39

Shal. What! the Sword, and the Word? Doe you study
them both, *Master Parson*?

Page. And youthfull still! in your doublet and hose, this
raw-rumaticke day? 43

Euan. There is reasons, and causes for it.

Page. We are come to you, to doe a good office, *Master*
Parson.

Euan. Fery-well! what is it? 47

Page. Yonder is a moft reuerend Gentleman, who, (be-like)
hauing receiued wrong by fome person, is at moft odds with
his owne grānity and patience, that euer you saw. 50

Shal. I haue liued foure-score yeeres, and vpward: I neuer

*33. *Enter . . .* J. Q.

16 *Sir Hu.* Then it is verie necessary I put vp my sword. Pray, giue
me my cowne too, marke you! 32

Enter Page, Shallow, and Slender

18 *Pa.* God saue you, Sir Hugh!

Shal. God saue you, Maister Parson!

20 *Sir Hu.* God plesse you all from his mercies sake, now! 39
Pa. What! the Word and the Sword? Doth that agree well?

Sir Hu. There is reasons and causes in all things, I warrant
you, now!

24 *Pa.* Well, Sir Hugh! we are come to craue your helpe and fur-
therance in a matter. 45-6

Sir Hu. What is it, I pray you? 47

26 *Pa.* Ifaith, tis this, sir Hugh! There is an auncient friend of
ours, a man of verie good sort, so at oddes with one patience, that
I am sure you would hartily grieue to see him. Now, Sir Hugh,
you are a scholler well-red, and verie persuasivie; we would intreate
31 you to see if you could intreat him to patience.

The Merry Wiues of Windsor

heard a man of his place, grauity, and learning, so wide of his owne respect.

Euan. What is he ?

Page. I thinke you know him : *Master Doctor Caius*, the renowned *French Physician*.

Euan. Got's-will, and his passion of my heart ! I had as lief you would tell me of a messe of porredge !

Page. Why ?

Euan. He has no more knowledge in *Hibocrates* and *Galen*,—and hee is a knaue besides ! a cowardly knaue, as you would desires to be acquainted withall !

Page. [to *SHAL.*] I warrant you, hee's the man should fight with him.

(*Slēn.* O fweet *Anne Page !*)

Shal. [to *PAGE*] It appeares so by his weapons. Keepe them asunder ! Here comes Doctor *Caius* !

Enter Doctor & RUGBY and the Host. *EUANS & CAIUS offer to fight.**

Page. Nay, good *Master Parson*, keepe in your weapon !

Shal. So doe you, good *Master Doctor* !

Host. Disarme them, and let them queftion ! let them keepe their limbs whole, and hack our *English* !

Cai. [to *EUANS.*] I pray you let-a-mee speake a word with your eare. Wherefore will you not meet-a me ?

(*Euan.* Pray you, vſe your patience in good time.)

Cai. By-gar, you are de Coward ! de *Jack* dog ! *John Ape* !

Euan. (Pray you let vs not be laughing-stocks to other [76]

*67. See Q. below.

32 *Sir Hu.* I pray you, who is it ? Let vs know that !

Pa. I am shure you know him, tis Doctor Cayus.

55

Sir Hu. I had as leeue you should tel me of a messe of porredge !

He is an arant lowsie beggerly knaue ! And he is a coward beside.

36 *Pa.* Why, Ile late my life its the man that he should fight withall !

Enter Doctor & RUGBY and the Host. They [Sir *HU.* & *CA.*] offer to fight.

37 *Shal.* Keep them asunder ! take away their weapons !

67

Host. Disarme ! let them question !

Shal. Let them keep their limbs hole, and hack our *English* !

Doc. [to Sir *H.*] *Hark !* van vrd in your eare ! You be in daga,

41 and de *Jack*-coward preest !

The Merry Wiues of Windsor.

mens humors! I desire you in friendship; and I will one way or other make you amends.) I will knog your Vrinal about your knaues Cogs-combe for missing your meetings and appointments! *

80

Cai. Diable! ¶ Jack Rugby! ¶ mine Host de Iarteer! haue I not sthay for him, to kill him? haue I not, at de place I did appoint? *

83

Euan. As I am a *Christians-soule*, now, looke you! this is the place appointed! Ile bee iudgement by mine Host of the *Garter*!

Host. Peace, I say, *Gallia* and *Gaule*, *French* & *Welch*, *Soule-Curer*, and *Body-Curer*!

Cai. I, dat is very good, excellant!

88

Host. Peace, I say! heare mine Host of the *Garter*! Am I politicke? Am I subtile? Am I a *Machiuell*? Shall I loose my Doctor? No! hee giues me the Potions and the Motions! Shall I loose my Parson? my Priest? my Sir [92] *Hugh*? No! he gines me the Prouerbes, and the No-verbes! ¶ Giue me thy hand, Tereftriall! so! † ¶ Giue me thy hand, Celestiall! so! ¶ Boyes of Art! I haue deceiu'd you both! I haue directed you to wrong places! Your hearts are [96] mighty; your skinnes are whole; and let burn'd Sacke be the

*79. for . . .] Q.

†94. Giue . . . Terestriall!¹ so] Q.

42 *Sir Hu.* (Hark you, let vs not be laughing-stockes to other mens humors!) By Ieshu, I will knock your vrinals about your knaues cockcomes, for missing your meetings and appointments! *

80

Doc. O Ieshu! ¶ mine Host of de Garter, ¶ *John Rogoboy!* Haue I not met him at de place he make appoint? Haue I not?

Sir Hu. So kad vdge me, this is the pointment place! ¶ *Witnes*, by my Host of the Garter!

85

50 *Host.* Peace, I say, *Gawle*, and *Gawlia*, *French* and *Wealch*, *Soule-curer*, and *Bodie-curer*!

86-7

Doc. This is verie braue, excellent! ¶ *Host.* Peace! Heare mine Host of the Garter. Am I wise? am I politicke? am I Matchanil? Shall I lose my Doctor?

88

54 No! he giues me the motions and the Potions! Shall I lose my parson, my sir Hu? No! he giues me the prouerbes, and the nouerbes! ¶ Giue me thy hand, terestriall!¹ so! ¶ Giue me thy hand, Celestiall; so! ¶ Boyes of Art, I haue deceiu'd you both; I haue 58 directed you to wrong places! Your hearts are mightie, your² skins are whole. ¶ *Bardolfe!* laie their swords to pawne! ¶ Follow me, 60 lads of peace, follow me! *Ha, ra, la!* Follow! [Exit Host. 89-99

¹ terestrial Q.

² your F. you Q.

51

[III. i. 77-97

The Merry Wiues of Windsor.

iffue ! ¶ Come, lay their fwords to pawne ! ¶ Follow me,
Lads* of peace ! follow ! follow ! follow ! [Exit. † 99

Shal. Truff me, a mad Host ! follow, Gentlemen ! follow !
(*Slen.* O fweet *Anne Page* !)

[*Exeunt all but CAIUS & RUGBY & EUANS.*

Cai. Ha ! do I perceiue dat ? Haue you make-a de fot of
vs ? ha, ha ! 103

Eua. This is well, he has made vs his vlowting-flog : I
desire you that we may be friends ; and let vs knog our
praines together to be reuenge on this fame scall-scuruy-
cogging-companion, the Host of the *Garter* ! 107

Cai. By gar, with all my heart ! he promise to bring me
where is *Anne Page* : by gar, he deceiue me too !

Euan. Well, I will smite his noddles ! pray you, follow ! 110
[*Exeunt.*

Actus Tertius. Scena Secunda.

A Road.

*Enter Mistris PAGE, ROBIN, (& later, FORD, PAGE, SHALLOW,
SLENDER, HOST, EUANS, CAIUS, RUGBY & SIMPLE.)*

Mist. Page. Nay, keepe your way, little Gallant ! You were
wont to be a follower ; but now you are a Leader. Whether
had you rather lead mine eyes, or eye your mafters heeles ? 3

Rob. I had rather (forsooth,) goe before you like a man,
then follow him like a dwarfe. 5

Mist. Pa. O, you are a flattering boy ! Now I see you'll
be a Courtier. 7

Enter FORD.

Ford. Well met, miftris *Page* ! whether go you ? 8

*99. *Lads*] Q. Lad F.

†99. *Exit*] Q.

61 *Shal.* Afore God, a mad host ! ¶ Come, let vs goe ! 99

[*Exeunt all but CAIUS & RUGBY & EUANS.*

62 *Doc.* I, begar, haue you mocka may thus ? I will be even met
you, my lack Host !

64 *Sir Hu.* Give me your hand, Doctor Cayus ! We be all friends !
But for mine hosts foolish knauery, let me alone !

66 *Doc.* I, dat be vell ! Begar, I be friends ! [Exit omnes.

[III. ii.] *Enter Maister Foord.*

For. The time drawes on he shuld come to my house. (¶ Well,
III. i. 98-110 ; ii. 1-8.) 52

The Merry Wiues of Windsor.

Mist. Pa. Truly, Sir, to see your wife. Is she at home? 9

Ford. I, and as idle as she may hang together, for want of company. I thinke, if your husbands were dead, you two would marry. 12

Mist. Pa. Be sure of that! two other husbands!

Ford. Where had you this pretty weather-cocke? 14

Mist. Pa. I cannot tell what (the dickens) his name is, my husband had him of. . . . ¶ What do you cal your Knights name, sirrah? 17

Rob. Sir *John Falstaffe.*

Ford. 'Sir! John! Falstaffe!' 19

Mist. Pa. He, he! I can neuer hit on's name! There is such a league betweene my goodman, and he! Is your Wife at home indeed?

Ford. Indeed she is!

M. Pa. By your leaue, sir! I am sicke till I see her. 24

[*Exeunt Mist. PAGE & ROBIN.*]

Ford. Has *Page* any braines? Hath he any eies? Hath he any thinking? Sure, they sleepe! he hath no vse of them! Why, this boy will carrie a letter twentie mile, as easie as a Canon will shooft point-blanke twelue score! [28 Hee peeces out his wiues inclination! he giues her folly, motion and aduantage! And now she's going to my wife! & *Falstaffe's* boy with her! A man may heare this showre sing in the winde! And *Falstaffe's* boy with her! Good [32 plots, they are, laide! and our reuolted wiues share damnation together. Well, I will take him! then torture my wife; plucke the borrowed vaile of modestie from the so-seeming *Mistris Page*; divulge *Page* himselfe for a securer and [36 wilful *Acteon*; and to these violent proceedings all my neighbors shall cry 'aime!' [A *Clock strikes.*] The clocke giues me my *Qu*, and my assurance bids me search. There I shall finde *Falstaffe*! I shall be rather praiſd for this, [40 then mock'd; for it is as poſſitine, as the earth is firme, that *Falstaffe* is there: I will go! [Turns to go.

wife, you had best worke closely, Or I am like to goe beyond your cunning!) I now wil seek my guesse¹ that comes to dinner; and, 4 (in good time) see where they all are come!

¹ guesse = guests.

The Merry Wiues of Windsor.

* *Enter SHALLOW, PAGE, HOST, SLENDER & SIMPLE, Doctor CAIUS & RUGBY, and Sir HUGH EUANS.*

Shal. Page, &c. Well met, Master Ford ! 43

Ford. Truſt me, a good knotte ! I haue good cheere at home, and I pray you all go with me. 45

Shal. I muſt excuse my ſelfe, Master Ford.

Slen. And ſo muſt I, Sir ! We haue appointed to dine with Miftris Anne ; and I would not breake with her for more mony then Ile ſpeake of. 49

Shal. We haue linger'd about a match betweene An Page, and my cozen Slen; and this day wee ſhall haue our anſwer.

Slen. I hope I haue your good will, Father Page ! 53

Pag. You haue, Master Slen; I ſtand wholly for you ; ¶ but my wife (Master Doctor,) is for you altogether. 55

Cai. I be-gar ! and de Maid is loue-a-me ! my nurſh-a-Quickly tell me ſo muſh. 57

Host. What ſay you to yong Maister Fenton ? He capers, he dances, he haſes eies of youth ; he writes verſes, hee ſpeakes holliday, he ſmells April and May. He wil carryt, he will carryt ! 'tis in his buttons ; he will carryt ! 61

Page. Not by my conſent, I promife you ! The Gentleman is of no hauing ; hee kept compagnie with the wilde

* See Q, below.

Enter Shallow, Page, Host, Slender, Doctor, and Sir Hugh.

5 ¶ *By my faith, a knot well met ! you'r welcome all !* 43, 44

Pa. I thank you, good Maister Foord !

For. Welcome, good Maister Page ! I would your daughter were 8 here.

Pa. I thank you, ſir, ſhe is very well at home.

Slen. Father Page ! I hope I haue your conſent for Miftris Anne ! 53, 48

12 *Pa.* You haue, ſonne Slender ; but my wife here, is altogether for maister Doctor. 54-5

Doc. Begar, I tanck her hartily ! 56

Host. But what ſay you to yong Maister Fenton ? He capers, 16 he daunces, he writes verſes, he ſmells all April and May. He wil cari it, he wil cari't ! Tis in his butones¹ ! he wil cari'te. 61

18 *Pa.* My Host, not with my conſent ! The gentleman is wilde ;

¹ Betmes Q.

The Merry Wiues of Windsor.

Prince, and *Pointz*; he is of too high a Region; he knows too much. No! hee shall not knit a knot in his for- [65 tunes, with the finger of my substance! If he take her, let him take her simply! The wealth I haue, waits on my consent; and my consent goes not that way. 68

Ford. I befeech you heartily, some of you goe home with me to dinner! Befides your cheere, you shall haue sport. I will shew you a monstre! ¶ *Master Doctor*, you shal go; ¶ so shall you, *Master Page*, ¶ and you, *Sir Hugh*! 72

Shal. Well, fare you well! We shall haue the freer wroing at *Master Pages*. [**Exeunt SHALLOW and SLENDER, & SIM.*

Cai. Go home, *John Rugby*! I come anon. [Exit *RUGBY*.

Host. Farewell, my hearts! I will to my honest Knight *Falstaffe*, and drinke Canarie with him. [Exit.* 77

Ford. (I thinke I shall drinke in Pipe-wine first with him. Ile make him dance!) ¶ Will you go, Gentles?

All. Haue with you, to see this Monstre! [Exit. 80

Actus Tertius. Scena Tertia.

A Room in FORDS house.

Enter *Mistrefesse** *FORD*, *Mistris PAGE* (& later, 2 Sernants (*JOHN & ROBERT*), *ROBIN*, *FALSTAFFE*, *FORD*, *PAGE*, *CAIUS*, *EUANS*.)

Mift. Ford. What, *John*! what, *Robert*! 1

*74, 77. See Q, below.

he knowes too much! If he take her, let him take her simply! for 20 my goods goes with my *liking*; and my *liking* goes not that way 68

For. Well, I pray go home with me to dinner! Besides your cheare, Ile shew you wonders: Ile shew you a monstre! You shall go with me, Maister Page, ¶ and so shall you, sir Hugh, ¶ and you, 24 Maister Doctor!

S. Hu. If there be one in the company, I shal make two.

Doc. And dere be ven, to, I sall make de tird! [III. iii. 205-6.]

Sir Hu. In your teeth, for shame!

28 Shal. Wel, wel! God be with you! We shall haue the fairer wooing at Maister Pages. 73-4 [Exit *Shallow, and Slender*.]

Host. Ile to my honest knight, sir *John Falstaffe*, and drinke Canary with him. [Exit *Host.* 77

32 Ford. (I may chance to make him drinke in pipe wine first!) ¶ Come, gentlemen! [Exit *omnes*.

The Merry Wiues of Windsor.

Mist. Page. Quickly, quickly ! ¶ Is the Buck-basket——

Mis. Ford. I warrant. ¶ What ! Robin, I say !

Mis. Page. Come, come, come !

4

[Enter 2 Servants, JOHN & ROBERT, with a great
Buck-basket.*

Mist. Ford. Heere, set it downe !

Mist. Pag. Gue your men the charge ; we must be
briefe.

7

Mist. Ford. Marrie, as I told you before, *John & Robert*,
be ready here hard-by in the Brew-houfe ; & when I sodainly
call you, come forth, and (without any paufe or ftaggering.)
take this basket on your shoulders ! That done, trudge [11
with it in all haft, and carry it among the Whitifers in
Datchet Mead ; and there empty it in the muddie ditch,
clofe by the *Thames* fide.

Mist. Page. You will do it ?

15

Mist. Ford. I ha told them ouer and ouer ; they lacke no
direiction. ¶ Be gone ! and come when you are call'd.

[*Exeunt*¹ JOHN & ROBERT.

Mist. Page. Here comes little *Robin* !

18

Enter ROBIN.

Mist. Ford. How now, my *Eyas-Musket* ! what newes
with you ?

Rob. My *Master*, Sir *John*, is come in at your backe doore,
Mistris *Ford*, and requestis your company.

22

Mist. Page. You little *Iack-a-lent*, haue you bin true to vs ?

Rob. I, Ile be fworne ! My *Master* knowes not of your
being heere, and hath threatned to put me into euerlaſting
liberty, if I tell you of it ; for he fweares he'll turne me away.

26

*4. See Q, below.

13. *Datchet*] Dotchet F.

¹ See Q, below.

[III. iii.] *Enter Mistresse Ford, with two of her men, and a great
buck basket.*

Mis. For. Sirrha, if your *Maister* aske you whither you carry this
basket, say, 'to the Launderers' [11, 12 ; III. iii. 129, p. 60.] I
hope you know how to bestow it !

Ser. I warrant you, misteris !

4 *Mis. For.* Go, get you in ! [Exit servants.] ¶ Well, sir *John*, I
believe I shall serue you such a trick, you shall haue little mind to
come againe !

¹ servant Q.

The Merry Wiues of Windsor.

Mist. Pag. Thou'rt a good boy! this secrecy of thine shall be a Tailor to thee, and shal make thee a new doublet and hose. ¶ Ile go hide me! 29

Mi. Ford. Do so! ¶ Go tell thy Master, I am alone. [Exit *ROBIN.*] ¶ Mistris Page, remember you your Qu! 29

Mist. Pag. I warrant thee! if I do not act it, hisse me! 32

Mist. Ford. Go to, then! we'l vse this vnwholome humidity, this grosse-watry Pumption! we'll teach him to know Turtles from Layes! [Mist. PAGE hides.] 35

Enter Sir Iohn¹ Falstaffe.

Fal. 'Haue I caught 'thee, 'my heauenly Iewell?' Why, now let me die, for I haue liu'd long enough! This is the period of my ambition! O this blessed houre!

Mist. Ford. O, sweet Sir Iohn! 39

Fal. Mistris Ford, I cannot cog! I cannot prate, Mistris Ford! Now shall I sin in my wish! I would thy Husband were dead, (Ile speake it before the best Lord!) I would make thee my Lady! 43

Mist. Ford. I, your 'Lady,' Sir Iohn! Alas, I shoulde bee a pittifull Lady! 45

Fal. Let the Court of France shew me such another! I see who thine eye would emulate the Diamond! Thou haft the right arched-beauty of the brow, that becomes the Shiptyre, the Tyre-valiant, or any Tire of Venetian admittance. 49

Mist. Ford. A plaine Kerchiefe, Sir Iohn: My browes become nothing else, nor that well neither. 51

33. tol too F.

1 See Q, below.

36. 'Haue . . .' Astroph. &

Stella, 2nd Song, l. 1.

Enter Sir Iohn.

Fal. 'Haue I caught my heauenlie Iewel?' Why, now let me [36 8 die! I haue liued long inough! This is the *happie houre I haue desired to see!* Now shall I sin in my wish: I would thy husband were dead! 41, 42

Mis. For. Why, how then, sir Iohn? 39

12 *Fal.* By the Lord, Ide make thee my Ladie! 43

Mis. For. Alas, sir Iohn, I should be a *verie simple* Ladie! 45

16 *Fal.* Goe to! [33] I see how thy eie doth emulate the Diamond! And how the arched bent of thy brow would become the Shiptyre, the tire-vellet, or anie Venetian attire! I see it! 49, 46

Mis. For. A plaine kercher, sir Iohn, would fit me better. 50

The Merry Wiues of Windsor.

Fal. Thou art a tyrant to say so! Thou wouldest make an absolute Courtier; and the firme fixture of thy foote, would gaine an excellent motion to thy gate, in a semi-circled Farthingale. I see what thou wert, if Fortune thy foe were not, Nature thy friend. Come! thou canst not hide it. 56

Mist. Ford. Beleeue me, ther's no such thing in me!

Fal. What made me loue thee? Let that perswade thee ther's something extraordinary in thee! Come, I cannot cog, and say thou art this and that, (like a manie of these lisping-hauthorne buds, that come like women in [61 mens apparell, and smell like *Bucklers-berry* in simple time;) I cannot! but I loue thee! none but thee! and thou deseru'ft it. 64

Mist. Ford. Do not betray me, sir! I fear you loue Mistris *Page*.

Fal. Thou mightst as well say, I loue to walke by the Counter-gate, which is as hatefull to me as the reeke of a Lime-kill. 69

Mist. Ford. Well, heauen knowes how I loue you! And you shall one day finde it.

Fal. Keepe in that minde! Ile deserue it. 72

Mist. Ford. Nay, I must tell you, so you doe; or else I could not be in that minde.

Rob. [within] Mistris *Ford!* Mistris *Ford!* Heere's Mistris *Page* at the doore, sweating, and blowing, and looking wildly, and would needs speake with you presently! 77

Fal. She shall not see me! I will ensconce mee behinde the Arras! [FALSTAFFE stands behind the *Arras*.[•]

55. *not*? read 'but'.

*79. *Falstaffe . . . Aras*] Q.

Fal. *By the Lord*, thou art a *traitor* to saie so! What made me loue thee? Let that perswade thee ther's somewhat extraordinarie 20 in thee! [58-9] *Goe to! I loue thee!* Mistris *Ford*, I cannot cog, I cannot prate [40, p. 57], like one of these *fellowes* that smels like *Bucklers-berie* in simple time; but I loue thee, and none but thee!

Mis. For. Sir *John*, I am afraid you loue Mistris *Page*. 65

24 Fal. *I!* thou mightest as well saie I loue to walke by the Counter gate, which is as hatefull to me as the reeke of a lime kill. 68

Enter Mistresse Page.

Mis. Pa. Mistresse *Ford*, Mistresse *Ford*, where are you? 75

Mis. For. O *Lord*, step aside, good sir *John*!

[*Falstaffe stands behind the aras.*

The Merry Wiues of Windsor.

Mist. Ford. Pray you do so! she's a very tailing woman.

Re-enter Mistresse PAGE, & ROBIN.*

¶Whats the matter? How now? 81

Mist. Page. O, mistris *Ford!* what haue you done? You'r sham'd! y'are ouerthrowne! y'are vndone for euer!

Mist. Ford. What's the matter, good mistris *Page?* 84

Mist. Page. O weladay, mistris *Ford!* haning an honest man to your husband, to give him fuch cause of suspition!

Mist. Ford. What 'cause of suspition?' 87

Mist. Page. 'What cause of suspition?' Out vpon you! How am I mistooke in you!

Mist. Ford. Why, alas! what's the matter? 90

Mist. Page. Your husband's comming hether, (Woman,) with all the Officers in *Windsor*, to search for a Gentleman, that he fayes is heere now in the houfe, by your consent, to take an ill aduantage of his absence! You are vndone! 94

Mist. Ford. ([aside] Speak louder!+) 'Tis not so, I hope!

Mist. Page. Pray heauen it be not so, that you haue fuch a man heere! But 'tis most certaine, your husband's comming, with halfe *Windsor* at his heeles, to serch for fuch a one. I come before to tell you. If you know your [99] selfe cleere, why, I am glad of it; but if you haue a friend here, conuey, conuey him out! Be not amaz'd! Call all your fenses to you, defend your reputation, or bid farewell to your good life for euer! 103

Mist. Ford. What shall I do? There is a Gentleman my deere friend! and I feare not mine owne shame so much, as

*80. See Q. p. 58, at foot. | (But it's wanted here too, to account

+95. *Speak louder!* Q. F. om. | for the repetition in lines 97-99.) here, has it in IV. ii. 14, p. 78.

28 ¶How now, Misteris *Page!* what's the matter? 81, 84

Mis. Pa. *Why,* your husband (Woman,) is coming, with halfe *Windsor* at his heeles, to *looke* for a gentleman that he ses is *hid* in *his house*; *his wif's sweet hart!* 91-98

32 Mis. For. [Aside] (Speak louder!) [IV. ii. 14.] *But I hope tis not true, Misteris Page.* 95

Mis. Pa. *Tis too true, woman!* Therefore if you haue *any* here, *away with him!* or you'r vndone for euer. 94, 103

36 Mis. For. *Alas, Mistresse Page!* what shall I do? Here is a gentleman, my friend! *How shall I do?* 104

The Merry Wiues of Windsor.

his perill. I had rather then a thousand pound he were out of the house! 107

Mift. *Page*. For shame! neuer stand you 'had rather', and you 'had rather'! Your husband's heere at hand! be-thinke you of some conueyance! in the house you cannot hide him. Oh! how haue you deceiu'd me! Looke, [111] heere is a basket! If he be of any reasonable stature, he may creepe in heere; and throw fowle linnen vpon him, as if it were going to bucking: Or, (it is whiting time,) send him by your two men to *Datchet-Meade*. 115

Mift. *Ford*. He's too big to go in there. What shall I do?

Fal. [rushing from behinde the Arras] Let me fee't, let me fee't! O let me fee't! Ile in, Ile in! Follow your friends counsell! Ile in! 119

Mift. *Page*. What! Sir *John Falstaffe*! Are these your Letters, Knight?

Fal. I loue thee! Helpe mee away! Let me creepe in heere! ile neuer— 123

[Goes into the Basket. They put cloathes ouer him.*

Mift. *Page*. [to *ROBIN*] Helpe to couer your master, Boy! ¶ Call your men, Mistris *Ford*! ¶ You difembling Knight!

Mift. *Ford*. What, *John*! ¶ *Robert*! ¶ *John*! [Re-enter Seruants.] Go, take vp these cloathes heere, quickly! Wher's the Cowle-staffe? Look, how you drumble! Carry them to the Landresse in *Datchet-mead*! Quickly, come! 129

[The two Men carrie away the Basket. ¹FORD meetes it.

120. *Falstaffe*] Faistaffe F. *123. *Goes . . . him*] Q. ¹ See Q, below.

Mis. Pa. Godes¹ body, Woman! do not stand 'what shal I do', and 'what shall I do'. Better any shifft, rather then you shamed! 40 Looke heere! here's a buck-basket! if hee be a man of any reasonable size, heele in here. 113

Mis. For. Alas, I feare he is too big!

Fal. [rushing forward] Let me see, let me see! Ile in, Ile in! 119

44 Follow your friends counsell! 119

Mis. Pa. Fie, sir *John*! Is this your loue? Go to!

Fal. I loue thee, and none but thee! Helpe me to conuey me hence; Ile neuer come here more! 123

[Sir *John* goes into the basket, they put cloathes ouer him, the two men carries it away: *Ford* meetes it, and all the rest, *Page*, *Doctor*, *Priest*, *Slender*, *Shallow*.

¹ Gode Q.
60

The Merry Wiues of Windsor.

Enter FORD, PAGE, EUANS, & CAIUS.

Ford. 'Pray you come nere! if I suspect without cause,
why then make sport at me, then let me be your iest;
I deserue it! [Sees Servants & Basket.] ¶ How now!
Whether beare you this? 133

Ser. To the Landreffe, forsooth!

Mist. Ford. Why, what haue you to doe whether they
beare it? You were best meddle with buck-washing. 136

Ford. 'Buck'! I would I could wath my felfe of y^e Buck!
Bucke, bucke, bucke! I, bucke! I warrant you, Bucke,
and of the seafon too; it shall appeare. [Exeunt the 2 Servants with the Basket, & ROBIN.] Gentlemen, I haue [140
dream'd to night: Ile tell you my dreame: Heere, heere,
heere bee my keyes! ascend my Chambers! search, feeke,
finde out! Ile warrant wee'le vnkennell the Fox! Let me stop
this way first! [Locks & bars the door.] So, now vncape! 144

Page. Good master *Ford*, be contented! You wrong
your felfe too much.

Ford. True, master *Page*! ¶ Vp, Gentlemen! You shall
see sport anon! Follow me, Gentlemen! 148 [Exit.

Euans. This is fery fantasticall humors and ialoufies.

Caius. By gar, 'tis no the fashion of *France*: It is not
iealous in *France*. 151

Page. Nay, follow him, Gentlemen! see the yssue of his
search! [Exeunt¹ PAGE, EUANS, CAIUS.

Mist. Page. Is there not a double excellency in this? 154

Mist. Ford. I know not which pleases me better, that my
husband is deceiued, or Sir *John*.

¹ *Exit Omnes Q.*

48 *Ford.* Come, pray, *along*, you shall see all! ¶ How now! *Who*
goes heare? *Whither goes this?* *Whither goes it?* *set it downe.*

Mis. For. *Now, let it go!* you had best meddle with buck-washing.

52 *Ford.* 'Buck'! good buck! ¶ *Pray come along!* ¶ *Maister Page,*
take my keyes! *helpe to search!* ¶ *Good Sir Hugh, pray come*
along! *helpe a little, a little!* Ile shew you all.

Sir Hu. *By Ieshu, these are ialosies & distempers!* 149

[Exeunt omnes.

Mis. Pa. *He is in a pittifull taking!* 157

The Merry Wiues of Windsor.

Mist. Page. What a taking was hee in, when your husband
askt who was in the basket ! 158

Mist. Ford. I am halfe affraid he will haue neede of wash-
ing ; so, throwing him into the water, will doe him a benefit.

Mist. Page. Hang him, dishonest rascall ! I would all of
the same straine, were in the same distresse ! 162

Mist. Ford. I thinke my husband hath some speciall suspi-
cion of Falstaff's being heere ; for I neuer saw him so grosse
in his ialousie till now. 165

Mist. Page. I will lay a plot to try that ; and wee will yet
haue more trickes with Falstaffe. His dissolute disease will
scarfe obey this medicine. 168

Mist. Ford. Shall we send that foolish Carion, Mistris
Quickly, to him, and excuse his throwing into the water, and
give him another hope, to betray him to another punishment ?

Mist. Page. We will do it ! Let him be sent for to morrow,
eight a clocke, to haue amends. 173

Re-enter FORD, PAGE, EUANS, CAIUS.

Ford. I cannot finde him ! May be, the knaue bragg'd of
that he could not compasse.

Mist. Page. [aside to Mist. FORD] Heard you that ? 176

169. *foolish*] foolishion F.

56 Mis. [Ford] I wonder what he thought when my husband bad
them set downe the basket. 158

Mis. Pa. Hang him, dishonest slauie ! we cannot vse him bad
inough ! [IV. ii. 87-8, p. 80] This is excellent for your Husbands
60 ialousie ! 165

Mi. For. Alas, poore soule ! it grieues me at the hart ; But this
will be a meanes to make him cease his ialous fits, if Falstaffes
loue increase.

64 Mis. Pa. Nay, we wil send to Falstaffe once again ! Tis [166, 169
great pittie we should leauue him. What !

Wiuers may be merry, and yet honest too. [IV. ii. 90, p. 80]

Mi. For. Shall we be condemnd because we laugh ?

68 Tis old, but true : 'still sower eat all the draffe.' [IV. ii. 94.]

Enter all.

Mis. Pa. Here comes your husband ! stand asidel
For. I can find no body within ; it may be he lied. 174-5
(Mis. Pa. Did you heare that ? 176

72 Mis. For. I, I ! peace !

For. Well, Ile not let it go so ! yet Ile trie further !

III. iii. 157-176.] 62

The Merry Wiues of Windsor.

Mif. Ford. You vse me well, *Maister Ford*, do you?

Ford. I, I do so!

Mif. Ford. Heauen make you better then your thoghts!

Ford. Amen!

180

Mif. Page. You do your selfe mighty wrong, *Maister Ford*!

Ford. I, I! I must beare it!

Eu. If there be any pody in the house, & in the chambers,
and in the coffers, and in the preffes, Heauen forgiue my sins
at the day of iudgement!

185

Caius. Be gar, nor I too! there is no-bodies!

Page. Fy, fy, *Maister Ford*! are you not asham'd? What
fpirit, what diuell, suggeftts this imagination? I wold not ha
your distemper in this kind, for y^e welth of *Windfor Castle*!

Ford. 'Tis my fault, *Maister Page*! I suffer for it!

190

Evans. You 'suffer for' a pad conscience! Your wife is
as honest a o'mans, as I will defires among fieu thousand, and
fieu hundred too!

Cai. By gar, I see 'tis an honest woman!

194

Ford. Well, I promifd you a dinner! Come, come! walk
in the Parke! I pray you, pardon me! I wil hereafter make
knowne to you why I haue done this. ¶ Come, wife!
¶ Come, *Miftris Page*! I pray you, pardon me! Pray hartly,
pardon me!

199

Page. Let's go in, Gentlemen! but (trust me,) we'l mock
him! ¶ I doe invite you to morrow morning to my house

S. Hu. By Ieshu, if there be any body in the kitchin, or [183
the cuberts, or the presse, or the buttery, I am an arrant few!

76 *Now, God plese me!*

[*Mis. For.*] You serue me well; do you not?

177

Pa. Fie, *Maister Ford*! you are to blame!

187

Mis. Pa. Ifaith, tis not well, *Maister Ford*, to suspect her thus

80 without cause!

[IV. ii. 138 (p. 82); 117, 119 (p. 81)

Doc. No, by my trot, it be no vell!

For, Wel, I pray bear with me! ¶ *Maister Page*, pardon me! [195
I suffer for it; I suffer for it!

190, &c.

84 *Sir Hu.* You 'suffer' for a bad conscience, looke you now!

191

Ford. Well, I pray, no more! Another time Ile tell you all:
The mean time, go dine with me. ¶ Pardon me, wife, I am [198
soriz. *Maister Page*, pray goe in to dinner! Another time [195, 198

88 Ile tell you all.

Pa. Wel, let it be so! and to morrow I invite you all to [201
my house to dinner; and in the morning weeke a birding; I haue
an excellent Hauke for the bush.

203

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to breakfast: after, we'll a Birding together; I haue a fine Hawke for the bush. Shall it be so? 203

Ford. Any thing!

Eu. If there is one, I shall make two in the Companie.

Ca. If there be one, or two, I shall make-a the turd.

Ford. Pray you go, *Maister Page!* 207

Eua. [to CAIUS] I pray you now, remembrance to morrow on the lowfie knaue, mine Host!

Cai. Dat is good! by gar! with all my heart! 210

Eua. A lowfie knaue, to haue his gibes, and his mockeries!

[*Exeunt.*]

Actus Tertius. Scena Quarta.

A Room in PAGES House.

Enter FENTON, ANNE PAGE, (& later, SHALLOW, SLENDER, QUICKLY, Master GEORGE PAGE, Mistris PAGE.)

Fen. I see I cannot get thy Fathers loue, 1
Therefore no more turne me to him, (sweet Nan !)

Anne. Alas! how then?

Fen. Why, thou must be thy selfe.
He doth obiect, I am too great of birth, 4
And that my state, being gall'd with my expence,

92 *Ford.* Let it be so! Come, Maister Page! ¶ Come, wife! [197
I pray you come in all! you'r welcome! pray come in! [195-6, 198
Sir Hu. By so kad vdg me, Maister Fordes is not in his right
wittes! [Exeunt¹ omnes.

[In Q. this scene follows III. v.]

[III. iv.] *Enter Maister Fenton, Anne Page, and Mistresse
Quickly.*

Fen. Tell me, sweet Nan, how doest thou yet resolve? 2
Shall foolish Slender haue thee to his wife?
Or one as wise as he, the learned Doctor?
4 Shall such as they, enioy thy maiden hart?
Thou knowst that I haue alwaies loued thee, deare;
And thou hast oft times swore the like to me.

An. Good Maister Fenton, you may assure your selfe, 18, p. 65
8 My hart is seeld upon none but you.
Tis as my father and my mother please: 19
Get their consent; you quickly shall haue mine.

¹ Exit Q.

64

The Merry Wiues of Windsor.

I seeke to heale it onely by his wealth.
Besides these, other barres he layes before me,
(My Riots past, my wilde Societies,) 8
And tels me, 'tis a thing impossible
I should loue thee, but as a property.

An. May be, he tels you true.

Fen. No ! Heauen so speed me in my time to come ! 12
Albeit I will confesse, thy Fathers wealth
Was the first motiue that I woo'd thee, *Anne* ;
Yet, wooing thee, I found thee of more valem
Then stampes in Gold, or summes in seal'd bagges : 16
And 'tis the very riches of thy selfe,
That now I ayme at !

An. Gentle Master Fenton !
Yet seeke my Fathers loue ! stll seeke it, fir !
If opportunity and humblest suite 20
Cannot attaine it, why then, harke you hither !

[*They chat apart.*

* Enter SHALLOW, SLENDER,¹ & Mistris QUICKLY.

Shal. Breake their talke, Mistris Quickly ! My Kinsman
shall speake for himselfe.

Slen. Ile make a shaft or a bolt on't ! sliid, tis but venturing !

Shal. Be not dismayd ! 25

Slen. No, the shall not dismay me ! I care not for that,
but that I am affeard.

¹ See Q, l. 16-17.

Fen. Thy father thinks I loue thee for his wealth. 1, 6, 10
12 *Tho I must needs confesse, at first that drew me,* 13
Yet¹ since thy vertues wiped that trash away,
I loue thee, Nan ! and so deare is it set,
That whilst I liue, I nere shall thee forget.

16 *Quic.* Godes pitie ! here comes her father !

Enter M. Page, his wife, M. Shallow, and Slender.

Pa. Maister Fenton, I pray, what make you here ? 64, p. 67
You know my answere, sir ; shees not for you : 68
Knowing my vow, you² blame to vse me thus.

20 Fen. But heare me speake, sir !

70

¹ But Q.

² ? read 'you'r t'

The Merry Wiues of Windsor.

Qui. [to **ANN.**] Hark ye! *Master Slender* would speak a word with you. 29

An. I come to him. [Aside.] This is my Fathers choice! O, what a world of vilde ill-fauour'd faults, Lookes handsome in three hundred pounds a yeere! 32

Qui. And how do's good *Master Fenton*? Pray you, a word with you! [They talk apart.]

Shal. [to **SLEN.**] Shee's comming. To her, Coz! O boy, thou hadst a father! 36

Slen. I had a father, *Mistris An*: my vnkle can tel you good iests of him. ¶ Pray you, Vnkle, tel *Mistris Anne* the iest how my Father stole two Geese out of a Pen, good Vnkle. 36

Shal. *Mistris Anne*! my Cozen loues you! 40

Slen. I, that I do! as well as I loue any woman in *Glocester-shire*!

Shal. He will maintaine you like a Gentlewoman.

Slen. I, that I will! come 'cut and long-taile,' as good as any is in *Glostershire*,* vnder the degree of a Squire. 45

*45. as . . . *Glostershire*] Q.

Pa. *Pray, sir, get you gon!* [62] ¶ *Come hither, daughter!* ¶ *Sonne Slender, let me speake with you!* [They whisper.] 70

Quic. [to **FEN.**] *Speake to Misteris Page!* 72

24 Fen. *Pray, misteris Page, let me haue your consent!* 73, 77

Mis. Pa. *Ifaith, Maister Fenton, tis as my husband please. For my part, Ile neither hinder you, nor further you.* 84, p. 68

Quic. [to **FEN.**] *How say you? This was my doings.* *I bid you* 90, p. 68

28 speak to misteris Page. 90, p. 68

Fen. *Here, nurse, theres a brace of angels to drink!* *Worke* [94] *what thou canst for me. Farwell!* [Exit Fen.]

Quic. *By my troth, so I will, good hart!* 95, 99

32 Pa. *Come, wife, you an I will in. Weele leaue Maister Slender and my daughter to talke together.* ¶ *Maister Shallow, you may stay, sir, if you please.* 70 [Exeunt¹ Page and his wife.]

Shal. *Mary, I thanke you for that!* ¶ *To her, Cousin! to her!* 48

36 Slen. *Ifaith, I know not what to say.*

An. *Now, Maister Slender, whats your will?* 50, 52

Slen. *Code, so! theres a Iest indeed!* [53] *Why, Misteris An, I never made wil yet! I thank God, I am wise inough for that!* 51-5

40 Shal. *Fie, cusse! fie! thou art not right.* O, thou hadst a father! 36

Slen. *I had a father, Misteris Anne.* ¶ *Good Vnkle, tell the Iest how my father stole the Goose out of the henloft.* 38-9

Exit Q.

66

The Merry Wiues of Windsor.

Shal. He will make you a hundred and fiftie pounds ioynture.

Anne. Good Maister *Shallow*, let him woo for himselfe ! 47

Shal. Marrie, I thanke you for it ! I thanke you for that good comfort ! ¶ she cals you, Coz ; Ile leaue you ! [Goes aside.

Anne. Now, Maister *Slender* !

Slen. Now, good Mistris *Anne* ! 51

Anne. What is your will ?

Slen. My 'will'? Odd's-hart-lings, that's a prettie ieft indeede ! I ne're made my Will yet, (I thanke Heauen !) I am not such a fickely creature, I givē Heaven praise ! 55

Anne. I meane, Maister *Slender*, what wold you with me ?

Slen. Truely, for mine owne part, I would little or nothing with you. Your father and my vnkle hath made motions. If it be my lucke, fo ! If not, ' happy man bee his dole ! ' They can tell you how things go, better then I can : you may [60 aske your father. Heere he comes !

*Enter M. PAGE & his Wife.**

Page. Now, Maister *Slender* ! ¶ Loue him, daughter *Anne* !

¶ Why, how now ! What does Maister *Fenton* here ?

You wrong me, Sir, thus still to haunt my house ! 64

I told you, Sir, my daughter is dispofd of.

Fen. Nay, Maister *Page* ! be not impatiēnt !

Mist. *Page.* Good Maister *Fenton*, come not to my child !

Page. She is no match for you.

Fen. Sir ! will you heare me ? 68

Page. No, good Maister *Fenton* !

¶ Come, Maister *Shallow* ! ¶ Come, sonne *Slender* ! in !

¶K nowing my minde, you wrong me, Maister *Fenton* !

[*Exeunt PAGE, SHAL., SLEN.*

*61. *Enter . . .* Q, p. 65.

63. *Fenton*] *Fenter* F.

44 [Shal.] All this is nought ! ¶ Harke you, Mistresse *Anne* ! He will make you ioynter of three hundred pound a yeare ! He shall make you a Gentlewoman ! 43

48 Slend. I, be God, that I will¹ come 'cut and long taile,' as good as any is in Gloustershire, vnder the degree of a Squire. 45

An. O God ! how many grosse faults, are hid and couered, in three hundred pound a yeare ! [31-2, p. 66] ¶ Well, Maister *Slender*, within a day or two Ile tell you more.

52 Slend. I thanke you, good misteris *Anne* ! Uncle, I shall haue her !

¹ will Q.

67

[III. iv. 46-71.

The Merry Wiues of Windsor.

Qui. [to FEN.] Speake to Mistris *Page!* 72

Fen. Good Mistris *Page!* For that I loue your daughter
In such a righteous fashion as I do,
Perforce, against all checkes, rebukes, and manuers,
I must aduance the colours of my loue, 76
And not retire. Let me haue your good will!

An. Good mother! do not marry me to yond foole!

Mist. Page. I meane it not; I seeke you a better husband.

Qui. That's my master, *Maister Doctor.* 80

An. Alas! I had rather be set quick i'th earth,
And bowl'd to death with Turnips.

Mist. Page. Come, trouble not your selfe! ¶ *Good Maister Fenton,*

I will not be your friend, nor enemy. 84

My daughter will I question how she loues you;

And as I finde her, so am I affected:

Till then, farewell, Sir! she must needs go in;

Her father will be angry. 88

Fen. Farewell, gentle Mistris! ¶ *farewell, Nan!*

[*Exeunt Mist. PAGE & AN.*

Qui. This is my doing, now! Nay, saide I, 'will you cast
away your childe on a Foole, and a Phyſtian? Looke on,
Maister Fenton!' This is my doing! 92

Fen. I thanke thee! and I pray thee once to night,
Giue my sweet *Nan* this Ring! There's for thy paines.

[*Gives her money. Exit.*

Qui. Now, heauen fend thee good fortune! ¶ A kinde heart
he hath! a woman would run through fire & water for such
a kinde heart! But yet, I would my Maister had Mistris
Anne; or I would *Maister Slender* had her: or (in [98
ooth,) I would *Maister Fenton* had her! I will do what I can
for them all three; for so I haue promis'd; and Ile bee as

Quic. *Maister Shallow!* *Maister Page would pray you to come,*
you, ¶ and you Maister Slender, ¶ and you, mistris An.

Slend. Well, *Nurse, if youle speake for me, Ile giue you more*
56 *then Ile talke of.* [III. ii. 48-9, p. 54]

Quic. *Indeed I will, Ile speake what I can for you,* [*Exeunt*¹
omnes but Quickly] but specially for Maister Fenton; but specially
60 *of all, for my Maister; and indeed I will do what I can for them*
[*Exit.*

¹ *Exit Q.*

68

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good as my word, but spacially for Maister Fenton. Well,
I must of another errand to Sir John Falstaffe from my [102
two Mistresses: what a beast am I to flacke it! [Exit.*

Actus Tertius. Scena Quinta.

A Room in the Garter Inn.

Enter FALSTAFFE, BARDOLFE, (& after, QUICKLY, FORD.)

Fal. Bardolfe, I say! —

Bar. Heere, Sir!

Fal. Go, fetch me a quart of Sacke! put a tost in't!

[Exit BARD.]

Hau I liu'd to be carried in a Basket, (like a barrow of bntchers Offall,) and to be throwne in the *Thames*? Wel, if I be seru'd such another tricke, Ile haue my braines 'tane out and butter'd, and give them to a dogge for a New- [7 yeares gift! The rogues slighted me into the riuier, with as little remorse as they would haue drown'de a blinde bitches Puppies, fifteene i'th litter! And you may know by my fize, that I haue a kinde of alacrity in finking: if the bottome [11 were as deepe as hell, I shold down! I had beene drown'd, but that the shore was sheluy and shallow: a death that I abhorre! for the water swelles a man; and what a thing

*103. *Exit*] Q. *Exeunt F.*

[III. v.] *Enter Sir John Falstaffe.*

Fal. Bardolfe! [Enter B.] brew me a pottle sack presently! 3-24

Bar. With Egges, sir? 26

Fal. Simply of it selfe! Ile none of these pullets sperme in my 4 *drinke!* [28] *Goe, make haste!* [Exit B.] Hau I liued to be carried in a Basket, and throwne into the *Thames* like a barow of Butchers offall? Well, and I be serued such another tricke, Ile give them leave to take out my braines and butter them, and give them to a 8 dog for a New-yeares gift! *Sblood!* the rogues滑ed me in, with as little remorse as if they had gone to drown a blinde bitches puppies in the litter! And they might know by my sise, I haue a kind of alacrity in sinking. And the bottom had bin as deep as hell, I 12 should downe! I had bene drowned, but that the shore was shelue and somewhat shallow: a death that I abhorre! For (you know) the water swelles a man: and what a thing should I haue bene

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should I haue beene, when I had beene swel'd! I should [15
haue beene a Mountaine of Mumme!

Re-enter BARDOLFE with a cup of Sacke & a tost in it.

Bar. Here's *Mistris Quickly*, Sir, to speake with you.

Fal. Come, let me poure in some Sack to the *Thames* water! for my bellie's as cold as if I had fwallow'd snow-bals, for pilles to coole the reines. *[Drinks.]* Call her in! 20

Bar. Come in, woman!

*Enter Mistresse Quickly.**

Qui. By your leaue! I cry you mercy! Giue your worship good morrow! 23

Fal. *[to Bar.]* Take away these Challices! Go brew me a bottle of Sacke finely!

Bard. With Egges, Sir?

Fal. Simple, of it selfe! Ile no Pullet-Sperfme in my brewage! *[Exit B.]* *¶ [To QUIC.]* How now? 28

Qui. Marry, Sir, I come to your worship from *Mistris Ford*.

Fal. 'Mistris Ford!' I haue had 'Ford' enough! I was thrown into the 'Ford!' I haue my belly full of 'Ford!' 31

Qui. Alas the day, (good-heart!) that was not her fault. She do's so take on with her men; they mistooke their erection.

Fal. So did I mine, to build vpon a foolish Womans promise. 36

Qui. Well, the laments, Sir, for it, that it would yern your

*21. *Enter . . .] Q.*

when I had bene swelled! *By the Lord*, a mountaine of mumme! 11

16 *[Re-enter Bardolfe, with a Cup.] ¶ Now, is the Sacke brewed!* 16

Bar. I, sir! *There's a woman below* would speake with you. 17, 21

Fal. *Bid* her come *up!* Let me *put* some Sacke *among this cold* water! for my belly is as cold as if I had swallowed snow- 20 balles for pilles. 20

Enter Mistresse Quickly.

¶ Now! what's the newes with you?

Quic. I come from misteris Ford, *forsooth*. 29

Fal. 'Misteris Ford'! I haue had 'Ford' inough! I *haue bene* 24 *throwne* into the 'Ford'! My belly is full of 'Ford'! *She hath tickled mee.* 31

Quic. *O Lord*, sir, she is the sorrowfullest woman (that her

¹ money Q.

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heart to see it! Her husband goes this¹ morning a birding; she desires you once more to come to her, betweene eight and nine. I must carry her word quickly; she'll make [40 you amends, I warrant you!

Fal. Well, I will visit her, tell her so! and bidde her thinke what a man is: Let her consider his frailety, and then judge of my merit! 44

Qui. I will tell her.

Fal. Do so! 'Betweene nine and ten,' saist thou?

Qui. 'Eight and nine,' Sir.

Fal. Well, be gone! I will not misse her! 48

Qui. Peace be with you, Sir! [Exit.²

Fal. I meruaile I heare not of *Master Brooke*: he sent me word to stay within: I like his money well! Oh, heere he comes! 52

*Enter FORD as BROOKE.**

Ford. Bleſſe you, Sir!

Fal. Now, *Master Brooke*, you come to know what hath past betweene me, and *Fords* wife?

Ford. That, indeed, (*Sir Iohn*), is my busynesse. 56

¹ This should be 'in the,' or 'to- | next day, should begin with line 50
morrow.'—P. A. Daniel. (37, Q).—Daniel.

² See Q, below. Act IV, on the *52. *Enter Brooke*] Q.

28 *seruants* mistooke,) that euer liued! And, sir, she would desire
you (of all loues,) you will meet her once againe; to morrow, sir;
betweene ten and eleven; and she hopes to make amends for all.

Fal. 'Ten, and eleven,' saiest thou? 46

[See II. ii. 236, 276, p. 41, 43.

Quic. I, forsooth.

32 *Fal.* Well, tell her Ile meet her! Let her but think of mans
frailitie. Let her judge what man is, and then thinke of me. And
so, farewell!

Quic. Youle not faile, sir?

36 *Fal.* I will not faile. Command me to her! [Exit *Mistresse*
Quickly.] I wonder I heare not of *Master Brooke*. I like his mony
well. By the masse, here he is! 52

Enter Ford as Brooke.

For. God sauе you, sir!

40 *Fal.* Welcome, good *Maister Brooke*! You come to know how
matters goes?

Ford. Thats my comming indeed, sir Iohn. 56

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Fal. *Master Brooke*, I will not lye to you! I was at her houfe the houre she appointed me.

Ford. And sped you, Sir?

Fal. Very ill-fauouredly, *Master Brooke!*

60

Ford. How so, sir? did she change her determination?

Fal. No, (*Master Brooke!*) but the peaking *Curnuto* her husband, (*Master Brooke,*) dwelling in a continual larum of ieloufie, coms me in the instant of our encounter, after we had embrast, kist, protested, & (as it were) spoke the pro- [65 logue of our Comedy; and at his heeles, a rabble of his companions, thither prouoked and infigated by his distemper, and (forsooth!) to ferch his house for his wiues Loue!

Ford. What! While you were there?

69

Fal. While I was there!

For. And did he search for you, & could not find you?

Fal. You shall heare! As good lucke would haue it, comes in one *Mistris Page*; giues intelligence of *Fords* approch; and in her inuention, and *Fords* wiues distraction, they conueyd me into a bucke-basket.

75

Ford. 'A Buck-basket!'

Fal. Yes! 'a Buck-basket!' ram'd mee in with foule Shirts and Smockes, Socks, foule Stockings, greasie Napkius, that

Fal. *Maister Brooke*, I will not lie to you, *sir!* I was there at 44 *my appointed time.*

For. And *how* sped you, *sir?*

59

Fal. Verie ilfaouredly, *sir.*

For. *Why*, *sir*, did she change her determination?

61

48 *Fal.* *No, Maister Brooke, but you shall heare.* After we had kissed and imbraced, and (as it were) *even amid* the prologue of our encounter, *who should* come, but the *zealous knaue* her husband, and a rabble of his companions at his heeles, thither prouoked and 52 instigated by his distemper. And *what to do, thinke you?* to search for his wiues Loue! *Euen so; plainly so!*

68

Ford. While ye were there?

Fal. Whilſt I was there.

56 *For.* And did he search, and could not find you?

71

Fal. You shall heare, *sir.* As *God* would haue it, *a little before*, comes me one *Pages wife*, giues *her* intelligence of *her husband's* approach; and *by her* inuention, and *Fords* wiues distraction, con- 60 ueyd me into a buck-basket.

75

Ford. 'A buck-basket!'

Fal. *By the Lord*, 'a buck basket'! rammed me in with foule shirts, stokins, greasie napkins, that, *Maister Brooke*, there was a

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(Master *Brooke*,) there was the rankest compound of villainous
smell, that euer offended nostrill ! 80

Ford. And how long lay you there ?

Fal. Nay, you shall heare (Master *Brooke*,) what I haue
ufferd, to bring this woman to euill, for your good ! Being
thus cram'd in the Basket, a couple of *Fords* knaues, his [84
Hindes, were cald forth by their Misstris, to carry mee (in the
name of foule Cloathes) to *Datchet-lane*. They tooke me on
their shoulders; met the iealous knaue their Master in the doore;
who ask'd them once or twice 'what they had in their [88
Basket ?' I quak'd for feare least the Lunatique Knaue would
haue search'd it ! But Fate (ordaining he shoule be a Cuckold)
held his hand. Well ! on went hee, for a search ; and away
went I, for foule Cloathes. But marke the sequell, Maister [92
Brooke ! I suffered the pangs of three feuerall deaths : First,
an intollerable fright, to be detected with a iealous rotten
Bell-weather. Next, to be compas'd like a good Bilbo in
the circumference of a Pecke, hilt to point, heele to head. [96
And then, to be stopt in like a strong distillation, with stinking
Cloathes, that fretted in their owne grease ! thinke of that ! a
man of my Kidney ! (thinke of that !) that am as subiect to
heate as butter ; a man of continuall dissolution, and thaw ! [100
It was a miracle to scape suffocation ! And in the height of
this Bath (when I was more then halfe stew'd in grease,
like a *Dutch-dish*), to be throwne into the *Thames*, and coold,
glowing-hot, in that serge,¹ like a Horse-shoo ! thinke of [104
that ! hissing hot ! thinke of that, Master *Brooke* !

Ford. In good sadnesse, Sir, I am forry, that for my sake you

¹ *serge* = *surge*.

64 compound of the *most* villainous smel, that euer offended nostrill. [80
He tell you, Maister Brooke, (by the Lord,) for your sake I suffered
three *egregious* deaths : First to be crammed, like a good [84, 93-5
bilbo, in the circumference of a pack, Hilt to point, heele to head ;
68 and then to be stewed in *my* owne grease like a Dutch dish : [102-3
a man of my kidney ! *By the Lord, it was maruell I escaped suf-*
fication ! And in the heat of all this, to be throwne into Thames
like a *horshoo hot*. Maister *Brooke*, [92] thinke of that ; hissing
72 *hote*,¹ Maister *Brooke* ! 105

Ford. Well, sir, then my shute is void ! [107] Youle vndertake
it no more ? 108

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haue sufferd all this. My suite then is desperate: You'll vndertake her no more! 108

Fal. Maister Brooke: I will be throwne into *Etna*, as I haue beeene into *Thames*, ere I will leaue her thus! Her Husband is this morning gone a Birding: I haue receiued from her another ambassie of meeting: 'twixt eight and nine is the houre, Maister Brooke! 113

Ford. 'Tis past 'eight' already, Sir.

Fal. Is it? I will then addresse mee to my appointment. Come to mee at your conuenient leisure, and you shall know how I spedee; and the conclusion shall be crowned with your enioying her! Adiew! you shall haue her, Master *Brooke*! Master *Brooke*, you shall cuckold *Ford*! [Exit.* 119

Ford. Hum: ha! Is this a vision? Is this a dreame? doe I sleepe? Maister *Ford*, awake! Awake, Maister *Ford*! Ther's a hole made in your best coate, Maister *Ford*! This 'tis to be married! This 'tis to haue Lynnen, and Buck-baskets! [123 Well, I will proclaime my selfe what I am! I will now take the Leacher: hee is at my house: hee cannot scape me: 'tis impossible hee should! Hee cannot creepe into a halfe-penny purse, nor into a Pepper-Boxe. But leaft the Diuell that [127 guides him, should aide him, I will search impossible places! Though what I am, I cannot auoide; yet to be what I would

*119. *Exit*] Q.

Fal. Maister Brooke, Ile be throwne into *Etna* as I haue bene in 76 the *Thames*, ere I thus leaue her! I haue receiued another appointment of meeting: *between ten and eleven* is the houre. 113

Ford. Why, sir, tis almost ten alreadie.

Fal. Is it? why then will I addresse my selfe for my appointment: 80 *Maister Brooke*, come to me *soone at night*, and you shall know how I speed; and the end shall be, you shall *enjoy her loue*; you shall cuckold *Foord*! *Come to mee soone at night!* [Exit *Falstaffe*.

Ford. Is this a dreame? Is it a vision? Maister *Ford*, *Maister Ford*, awake, maister *Ford*! There is a hole made in your best coat, Maister *Ford*! And a man shall not only [II. ii. 261, p. 43] endure this wrong, but shall stand vnder the *taunt of names*! Lucifer is a good name; Barbason good: good Diuels names: But 88 Cuckold, wittold! *Gode! so!* The Diuel himselfe hath not such a name! [II. ii. 266] And they may hang hats here, and napkins here, upon my hornes! Well, Ile home, Ile¹ ferit him! And unlesse

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not, shall not make me tame. If I haue hornes, to make one mad, let the prouerbe goe with me: Ile be 'horne-mad!' [Exit.*

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

Outside PAGES house.

Enter Miftris PAGE, her son WILLIAM, QUICKLY, (& later EUANS.)

Miftris Pag. Is he at *Master Fords* already, think'ft thou?

Qui. Sure he is, by this; or will be presently; but truely he is very couragious mad, about his throwing into the water. *Miftris Ford* defires you to come sodainely. 4

Miftris Pag. Ile be with her by and by: Ile but bring my yong-man here to Schoole! Looke where his Master comes! 'tis a playing day, I fee. [Enter Sir HUGH EUANS] ¶ How now, Sir *Hugh*! no Schoole to day? 8

Eua. No! Master *Slender* is let the Boyes leaue to play.

Qui. 'Bleffing of his heart!

Miftris Pag. Sir *Hugh*, my husband saies my sonne profits nothing in the world at his Booke: I pray you aske him some questions in his Accidence. 13

Eua. Come hither, *William*! hold vp your head! come!

Miftris Pag. Come on, Sirha! hold vp your head! answere your Master! be not afraid! 16

Eua. *William*, how many Numbers is in Nownes?

Will. Two.

Qui. Truely, I thought there had bin one Number more, because they say 'od's-Nownes.' 20

Eua. Peace your tatlings! ¶ What is 'Faire,' *William*?

Will. *Pulcher*.

Qu. 'Powlcats'? there are fairer things then Powlcats, sure.

Eua. You are a very simplicite, o'man! I pray you peace! ¶ What is 'Lapis,' *William*? 25

*131. *Exit* Q. *Exeunt F.*

the diuel *himselfe* should aide him, Ile search ynpossible places. [128]
92 Ile about it, *least I repent too late* [III. ii. 276-7, p. 43]. [Exit.¹
[III. iv. (p. 64, above) follows here in Q.]

• Exit omnes Q.

75 [III. iv. 130, 131; IV. i. 1-25.

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Will. A Stone.

Eua. And what is a 'Stone,' *William*?

Will. A Peeble.

28

Eua. No; it is 'Lapis': I pray you, remember in your praine.

Will. 'Lapis.'

Eua. That is a good *William*! What is he, (*William*), that do's lend Articles.

32

Will. Articles are borrowed of the Pronoune; and be thus declined: *Singulariter, nominatiuo, 'hic, hæc, hoc.'*

Eua. *Nominatiuo, 'hig, hag, hog'*: pray you marke! *genitiuo, 'huius'*: Well! what is your *Accusatiue-cafe*?

36

Will. *Accusatiuo, 'hinc.'*

Eua. I pray you, haue your remembrance, (childe!) *Accusatiuo, 'hing, hang, hog.'*

39

Qu. 'Hang-hog,' is *Latten* for Bacon, I warrant you!

Eua. Leaue your prables, o'man! ¶ What is the *Focatiue cafe, William*?

42

Will. *O, Vocatiuo, O.*

Eua. Remember, *William*; *Focatiue* is *caret*.

Qu. And that's a good roote!

Eua. O'man, forbeare!

46

Mist. Pag. Peace!

Eua. What is your *Genitiue cafe plurall, William*?

Will. *Genitiue cafe?*

Eua. I.

50

Will. *Genitiue, 'horum, harum, horum.'*

Qu. 'Vengeance of 'Ginyes cafe'!¹ fie on her! neuer name her (childe,) if she be a 'whore.'

Eua. For shame, o'man!

54

Qu. You doe ill to teach the childe such words! ¶ hee teaches him to 'hic,' and to 'hac'; (which they'll doe fast enough of themselues,) and to call 'horum!' ¶ Fie vpon you!

Evans. O'man! art thou Lunatics? Haft thou no [58 vnderstandings for thy Cafes, & the numbers of the Genders? Thou art as foolish *Chrifian* creatures, as I would desires!

Mi. Page. Pre'thee hold thy peace!

61

Eu. Shew me now (*William*), forme declensions of your Pronounes.

¹ case: cp. Webster's *Cure for a Cuckold*, III. ii.

58. *Lunatics*] Lunaties F.

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Will. Forsooth, I haue forgot.

64

Eu. It is 'Qui, que, quod.' If you forget your *Quies*, your *Ques*, and your *Quods*, you must be preeches. Goe your waies and play! go!

67

Mis. Pag. He is a better scholler then I thought he was.

Eu. He is a good sprag-memory. Farewel, *Mistris Page!*

Mis. Page. Adieu, good Sir *Hugh*! ¶ Get you home, boy!

¶ Come, we stey too long! [Exeunt. 71

Actus Quartus. Scena Secunda.

A Room in FORDS House.

Enter **FALSTOFFE**, *Mistris Ford*, (& later, *Mistris Page*, two* Seruants, *FORD*, *PAGE*, *CAIUS*, *EUANS*, *SHALLOW*.)

Fal. *Mistris Ford!* Your forrow hath eaten vp my sufferance. I fee you are obsequious in your loue, and I professe requitall to a haires bredth; not onely, *Mistris Ford*, in the simble office of loue, but in all the accoustrement, complement, and ceremony of it. But are you sure of your husband now?

Mis. Ford. Hee's a birding, (sweet Sir *John*.) 7

Mis. Page. [without] What, hoa, gossip *Ford*! What hoa!

Mis. Ford. Step into th' chamber, Sir *John*! [Exit **FALST.**

Enter Mistris Page.

Mis. Page. How now, (sweete heart,) whose at home besides your selfe?

* *two*] Q.

[IV. ii.] *Enter misteris Ford and her two men.*

Mis. For. Do you heare? when your Maister comes, take vp this basket as you did before; and if your Maister bid you set it downe, obey him!

[93-5, p. 80

4 *Ser. I will, forsooth.*

[Exeunt the 2 Men.

Enter Syr John.

Mis. For. Syr *John*, welcome!

Fal. What, are you sure of your husband now?

5, 6

Mis. For. He is gone a birding, sir *John*; and I hope will not 8 come home yet.

Enter mistresse Page.

¶ Gods body! here is misteris Page! ¶ Step behind the arras, good [9 sir *John*! [III. iii. 79, p. 58] [He steps behind the arras.

77

[IV. i. 64-71; ii. 1-11.

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Mif. Ford. Why, none but mine owne people. 12

Mif. Page. Indeed?

Mif. Ford. No, certainly! [Aside to her] Speake louder!

Mif. Pag. Truly, I am so glad you haue no body here!

Mif. Ford. Why?

Mif. Page. 'Why,' woman? your husband is in his olde lines againe! He so takes on yonder with my husband; so railes against all married mankinde; so curfes all *Eues* daughters, of what complexion soeuer; and so buffettes [20 himselfe on the for-head: crying 'Peere-out! Peere-out!' that any madnesse I euer yet beheld, seem'd but tamenesse, ciuility, and patience, to this his distemper he is in now. I am glad the fat Knight is not heere!

Mif. Ford. Why, do's he talke of him?

Mif. Page. Of none but him! and swarees he was caried out the last time hee search'd for him, in a Basket! Protefts to my husband he is now heere; & hath drawne him [28 and the rest of their company from their sport, to make another experimant of his suspition. But I am glad the Knight is not heere! Now he shall see his owne foolerie!

Mif. Ford. How neere is he, Mifris *Page*?

Mif. Pag. Hard by, at street end; he wil be here anon!

Mif. Ford. I am vndone! The Knight is heere!

Mif. Page. Why, then you are vtterly sham'd, & hee's but a dead man! What a woman are you! Away with him, away with him! Better, shame, then murther!

Mif. Ford. Which way should he go? How should I bestow him? Shall I put him into the basket againe?

FALSTAFFE rushes in.

Fal. No! Ile come no more i'th Basket!

¶ May I not go out ere he come?

41

18. lines] F. Iunes Theobald.

Mis. Pa. Misteris *Ford*! why, woman, your husband is in his 12 old *vaine* againe! [19] *Hees* comming to search for your sweet heart! But I am glad he is not here.

30 Mis. For. O God, misteris *Page*, the knight is here! [34] *What shall I do?*

16 Mis. Pa. Why, then, you'r vndone, woman! vnles you [34, 35, 55 make some meanes to shift him away.

37 Mis. For. Alas I know no meanes, vnlesse we put him in the basket againe.

38 IV. ii. 12-41.]

78

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Mist. Page. Alas! three of Master Fords brothers watch the doore with Pistols, that none shall issue out; otherwifē you might slip away ere hee came. But what make you heere? 44

Fal. What shall I do? Ile creepe vp into the chimney.

Mist. Ford. There they alwaies vse to discharge their Bird-peeces. Creepe into the Kill-hole!

Fal. Where is it? 48

Mist. Ford. He will seeke there, on my word! Neyther Preffe, Coffer, Chest, Trunke, Well, Vault, but he hath an abstract for the remembrance of such places, and goes to them by his Note: There is no hiding you in the houfe! 52

Fal. Ile go out then.

*Mist. Page.** If you goe out in your owne semblance, you die, Sir John! Vnlesse you go out disguis'd, . . .

Mist. Ford. How might we disguise him? 56

Mist. Page. Alas the day, I know not! there is no womans gowne bigge enough for him! otherwise he might put on a hat, a muffler, and a kerchiefe, and so escape. 59

Fal. Good hearts, deuise something! any extremitie, rather then a mischiefe!

Mist. Ford. My Maids Aunt, the fat woman of *Brainford*, has a gowne aboue. 63

Mist. Page. On my word it will serue him! shee's as big as he is! and there's her thrum'd hat, and her muffler too!

¶ Run vp, Sir John! 66

Mist. Ford. Go, go, sweet Sir John! *Mistress Page* and I will looke some linnen for your head.

47. *Creepe . . .*] ?Mist. Page | *54. *Page*] Q. Ford F.
should say it.—T. R.-S. | 67. *Mistress*] Mistriis F.

20 Fal. [stepping forward] No! Ile come no more in the basket!
Ile creep vp into the chimney. 45

Mis. For. There they vse to discharge their *Fowling* peeces. 46

Fal. *Why*, then Ile goe out of doores. 53

24 Mi. Pa. Then you'r *undone*! you'r but a dead man! 35, 36

Fal. *For Gods sake*, deuise any extremitie, rather then a mischiefe!

Mis. Pa. Alas! I know not what *meanes to make*! ¶ If there were any womans apparel would fit him, he might put on a gowne 57, 59
28 and a muffler, and so escape.

Mi. For. *That swel remembred!* My maids Aunt, *Gillian* of Brainford, hath a gowne aboue. 63

Mis. Pa. And she is altogether as fat as he.

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Mist. Page. Quicke, quicke! wee'le come dresse you straight! put on the gowne the while! [Exit **FALSTAFFE**. 70

Mist. Ford. I would my husband would meeet him in this shape! he cannot abide the old woman of *Brainford*; he sweares she's a witch, forbad her my house, and hath threatned to beate her. 74

Mist. Page. Heauen guide him to thy husbands cudgell! and the diuell guide his cudgell afterwards!

Mist. Ford. But is my husband comming?

Mist. Page. I, in good fadnesse is he, and talkes of the basket too, howsoeuer he hath had intelligence. 79

Mist. Ford. Wee'l try that: for Ile appoint my men to carry the basket againe, to meeet him at the doore with it, as they did last time.

Mist. Page. Nay, but hee'l be heere presently! let's go dresse him like the witch of *Brainford*! 84

Mist. Ford. Ile first direct my men, what they shall doe with the basket. Goe vp! Ile bring linnen for him straight. [Exit.

Mist. Page. Hang him, dishonest Varlet! We cannot misuse him* enough: 88

We'll leaue a proofe, by that which we will doo,
Wiues may be merry, and yet honest too. 90

We do not aete, that often iest, and laugh;
'Tis old, but true, ' Still Swine eats all the draugh.' [Exit. 92

Re-enter Mistris FORD and her two Men,† JOHN & ROBERT.

Mist. Ford. Go, Sirs! take the basket againe on your shoulders! your Master is hard at doore: if hee bid you set it downe, obey him! quickly, dispatch! [Exit.

1 *Ser. [JOHN]* Come, come, take it vp! 96

2 *Ser. [ROBERT]* Pray heauen it be not full of Knight againe!

1 *Ser. [JOHN]* I hope not; I had as liefe beare so much lead! 100

85. *direct* direct direct F.
*88. *him* Q.

†92-3. See Q, p. 77.
99. *as liefe* liefe as F.

32 Mis. For. *I, that will serue him, of my word!* 64

65 Mi. Pa. *Come, goe with me, sir John!* *Ne helpe to dresse you!* 67, 69

66 Fal. *Come, for God sake!* any thing! 60

[*Exeunt Mis. Page, & Sir John.*]

The Merry Wiues of Windsor.

* Enter FORD, PAGE, EUANS, SHALLOW.

Ford. I, but if it proue true, (Master Page,) haue you any way then to vnfoole me againe? [The two Men carries the Basket, and FORD meets it.] ¶ Set downe the basket, villaine! ¶ Some body call my wife! ¶ Youth in a basket! ¶ Oh [104] you Panderly Raſcals! there's a knot, a gin, a packe, a conspiracie against me! Now ſhall the duel be sham'd! ¶ What, wife, I ſay! Come! come forth! behold what honest cloathes you ſend forth to bleaching! 108

Page. Why, this paffes, Master Ford! You are not to goe looſe any longer, you muſt be pinnion'd!

Euans. Why, this is Lunaticks! this is madde, as a mad dogge! 112

Shall. Indeed, Master Ford, this is not well indeed!

Ford. So ſay I too, Sir!

Re-enter Miftris FORD

¶ Come hither, Miftris Ford! Miftris Ford, 'the honeſt [115] woman! the modeſt wife! the vertuous creature! that hath the iealous foole to her husband!' I 'ſuſpect without cauſe,' (Miftris,) do I? 118

Mift. Ford. Heauen be my witneſſe you doe, if you ſuſpect me in any diſhoneſtſy!

* Enter . . .] Q.

†102-3. The . . . it] Q.
105. gin] F. ging F2 (gang,

pack).

113. thi F.

Enter Maister Ford, Page, Priest, Shallow; the two men carries the basket, and Ford meets it.

For. Come along, I pray! [107] you ſhal know the cauſe! ¶ [To the 36 2 men] How now! whither goe you? Ha! whither go you? [III. iii. 132-3] Set downe the basket, you ſlave! You panderly rogue, ſet it downe! 103, 105

Mis. For. What is the reaſon that you uſe me thus? [Hamlet, V. i. 312]

40 For. Come hither! ¶ ſet downe the basket!

¶ Miftris Ford, the modeſt woman!

Miftris Ford, the vertuous woman!

She that hath the iealous foole to her husband!

44 I miſtrut you without cauſe, do I not?

Mis. For. I, Gods my record, do you! and if you miſtrut me in any ill ſort. 117
119, 120

¹ ſlave Q.

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Ford. Well said, Brazen-face ! hold it out ! ¶ Come forth, sirrah ! ¶ Pull out the cloathes ! Search !* 122
[*Pulls clothes out of the Basket.*

Page. This passes !

Mist. Ford. Are you not ashamed ? let the cloths alone !

Ford. I shall finde you anon. 125

Eua. 'Tis vnreasonable ! will you take vp your wiues cloathes ? Come, away !

Ford. Empty the basket, I say.

Mist. Ford. Why, man, why ? 129

Ford. Maister Page, as I am a man, there was one conuay'd out of my house yesterdays in this basket ! why may not he be there againe ? in my house, I am sure he is : my Intelligence is true, my ialoufie is reasonable ! Pluck me out all the linnen ! [*The 2 Men empty the Basket.* 134

Mist. Ford. If you find a man there, he shall dye a Fleas death.

Page. Heer's no man !

Shal. By my fidelity, this is not well, Maister Ford ! This wrongs you ! 139

Evans. Maister Ford, you must pray, and not follow the imaginations of your owne heart : this is ialoufies.

Ford. Well ! hee's not heere I seeke for.

Page. No, nor no where else but in your braine. 143

Ford. Helpe to search my house this one time ! if I find not what I seeke, shew no colour for my extremity ; Let me for euer be your Table-sport ; Let them say of me, 'as ialous as Ford, that search'd a hollow Wall-nut for his wiues [147 Lemman.' Satisfie me once more ; once more serch with me !

*122. *Pull . . . Search !*] Q.

Ford. Well sed, brazen face ! hold it out ! 121

48 ¶ You youth in basket [104, p. 81], come out here !

¶ Pull out the cloathes ! search ! 134, 148

Hu. Ieshu, plese me ! will you pull vp your wiues cloathes ? 126

Pa. Fie, Maister Ford, you are not to go abroad if you be in 52 these fits ! 109

Sir Hu. By so had vidge me, tis verie necessarie he were put in Pethlem.

For. Maister Page ! as I am an honest man, Maister Page, there 56 was one conueyd out of my house here yesterday, out of this basket.

Why may he not be here now ? 131

The Merry Wiues of Windsor.

Mistris Ford. What, hoa, *Mistris Page!* come you and the old woman downe! my husband will come into the Chamber.

Ford. 'Old woman?' what old womans that?

Mist. Ford. Why, it is my maids Aunt, of *Brainford.* 152

Ford. A witch! a Queane! an olde couzening queane! Haue I not forbid her my house? She comes of errands, do's she? We are simple men; wee doe not know what's brought to passe vnder the profession of Fortune- [156 telling. She workes by Charmes, by Spels, by th'Figure, & such dawbry as this is beyond our Element: wee know nothing! ¶ Come downe, you Witch! you Hagge, you! come downe, I say! 160

Mist. Ford. Nay, good sweet husband! ¶ Good Gentlemen, let him not strike the old woman!

Mist. Page. [abuv] Come, mother *Prat!* Come, giue me your hand! 164

* *Re-enter FALSTAFFE disguised like an old woman, and Mysteris PAGE leading him. FORD beates him, and hee runnes away.*

Ford. Ile 'Prat'-her! ¶ Out of my doore, you Witch, you Ragge, you Baggage, you Poulcatt, you Rununion! out, out! Ile coniure you, Ile fortune-tell you! [FALST. runs off.

Mist. Page. Are you not afham'd? I thinke you haue kill'd the poore woman! 169

Mist. Ford. Nay he will do it. ¶ 'Tis a goodly credite for you!

Ford. Hang her, witch! 172

Eua. By yea, and no, I thinke the o'man is a witch indeede!

162. *not*] F om.

*164. *Re-enter . . .*] Enter Q.

Mi. For. Come, *mistris Page, bring the old woman downe!* 149

For. 'Old woman!' What old woman? 151

60 Mi. For. Why, my maidens Ant, *Gillian* of *Brainford.* 152

¹ For. A witch! Haue I not *forewarned* her my house? *Alas*, we are simple, *we!* we know not what is brought to passe vnder the colour of fortune-telling. ¶ Come downe, you witch! come downe!

Enter Falstaffe disguised like an old woman, and Mysteris Page with him. FORD beates him, and hee runnes away.

64 *Away, you witch! Get you gone!*

165

¹ *For.*] Q om.

83

[IV. ii. 149-173.

The Merry Wiues of Windsor.

I like not when a o'man has a great peard. I spie a great
peard vnder her* muffler. 175

Ford. Will you follow, Gentlemen? I beseech you, follow!
see but the iſſue of my ialouſie! If I cry out thus vpon no
traile, neuer truſt me when I open againe! [Exit. 178

Page. Let's obey his humour a little further! ¶ Come,
Gentlemen! [Exeunt all but *Mist. PAGE & Mist. FORD.*

Mist. Page. Truſt me, he beate him moſt pittifully. 181

Mist. Ford. Nay, by th'Maffe, that he did not! he beate
him moſt vnpittifully, me thought.

Mist. Page. Ile haue the cudgell hallow'd, and hung ore
the Altar! it hath done meritorious seruice. 185

Mist. Ford. What thinke you? May we (with the warrant
of woman-hood, and the witneſſe of a good conſcience,) pur-
ſue him with any further reuenge? 188

Mist. Page. The ſpirit of wantonneſſe is ſure ſcar'd out of
him. If the diuell haue him not in feeſimple, with fine and
recovery, he will neuer (I thinke,) in the way of waste,
attempt vs againe. 192

Mist. Ford. Shall we tell our husbands how wee haue
ſeru'd him?

Mist. Page. Yes, by all meaneſ; if it be but to ſcrape the
figures out of your husbands braineſ. If they can find in
their hearts, the poore vnuertuous fat Knight ſhall be any
further afflieted, wee two will ſtill bee the minifters. 198

Mist. Ford. Ile warrant, they'l haue him publickely ſham'd!
and me thinkes there would be no period to the ieft, ſhould
he not be publickely ſham'd. 201

Mist. Page. Come, to the Forge with it! then ſhape it! I
would not haue things coole. [Exeunt.

*175. her] Q. his F.

Sir Hu. By Ieshu, I verily thinke ſhe is a wiſh indeed. I
espied vnder her muſler a great beard. 174-5

Ford. Pray, come helpe me to ſearch! pray now! 144

68 *Pa.* Come, weeſe go for his minds ſake! 179 [Exit omnes.

Mi. For. By my troth, he beat him moſt extreamly. 181

Mi. Pa. I am glad of it! What, ſhall we proceſſ any further? 186

Mi. For. No, faith! Now, if you will, let vs tell our husbands
72 of it! For mine (I am ſure) hath almoſt fretted himſelfe to death.

Mi. Pa. Content! Come, weeſe goe tell them all; and as they

74 agree, ſo will we proceſſ. 200, 198 [Exit both.

IV. ii. 174-203.]

84

The Merry Wiues of Windsor.

Actus Quartus. Scena Tertia.

The Garter Inn.

Enter Host and BARDOLFE.

Bar. Sir, the *Germanes* desires to haue three of your horses: the Duke himselfe will be to morrow at Court, and they are going to meet him. ³

Host. What Duke shold that be, comes so secretly? I heare not of him in the Court! Let mee speake with the Gentlemen! they speake *English*? ³

Bar. I, Sir! Ile call them* to you. ⁷

Host. They shall haue my horses; but Ile make them pay! Ile sauce them! They haue had my house† a week at command! I haue turn'd away my other guests. They must come off!¹ Ile sawce them! Come! [Exeunt. 11]

Actus Quartus. Scena Quarta.

A Room in FORDS House.

Enter PAGE, FORD, Mistris PAGE, Mistris FORD, and EUANS.

Eua. 'Tis one of the best discretions of a o'man as euer I did looke vpon!

1. Germanes] Germane F.

**7. them]* Q. him F.

19. house] Q. houses F.

1 Come out with cash; pay well.

[IV. iii.] *Enter Host and Bardolfe.*

Bar. Syr, heere be three *Gentlemen* (come from the Duke, the Stranger,¹ sir,) would haue your horses.² ³

Host. 'The Duke!' What Duke? let me speake with the 4 Gentlemen! Do they speake *English*? ⁷³

Bar. Ile call them to you, sir.

Host. No, Bardolfe, let them alone! Ile sauce them! They haue had my house a weeke at command; I haue turned away 8 my other guesse: ³ They shall haue my horses, *Bardolfe*; they must come off; Ile sawce them! [Exeunt⁴ omnes. 11]

[IV. iv.] *Enter Ford, Page, their wiues, Shallow, and Slender. Syr Hu.*

Ford. Well, wife! heere, take my hand! Vpon my soule, I loue thee dearer then I do my life,

** Stanger Q.*

² horse Q.

³ guesse = guests.

⁴ Exit Q.

The Merry Wiues of Windsor.

Page. And did he send you both these Letters at an instant? 4

Mist. Page. VVithin a quarter of an houre.

Ford. Pardon me, Wife! henceforth do what thou wilt! I rather will suspect the Sunne with cold,
Then thee with wantonnes! Now doth thy honor stand, 8
(In him that was of late an Heretike,) As firme as faith!

Page. 'Tis well, 'tis well! no more!

Be not as extreme in submiffion,

As in offence;

But let our plot go forward; Let our wiues
Yet once againe (to make vs publike sport,) Appoint a meeting with this old fat-fellow,
Where we may take him, and disgrace him for it. 16

Ford. There is no better way then that they spoke of.

Page. How? to send him word they'll meeke him in the Parke at midnight? Fie, fie! he'll never come! 19

Eu. You say he has bin throwne in the Riuers; and has bin greeuously peaten, as an old o'man: me-thinkes there should be terrors in him, that he should not come. Me-thinkes his flesh is punih'd; hee shall hane no desires.

Page. So thinke I too.

Mist. Ford. Deuise but how you'l vse him when he comes, And let vs two deuise to bring him thether! 24

7. *cold*] Rowe. gold F.

And ioy I have so true and constant wife!

4 *My iclealousie shall never more offend thee.*

*Mi. For. Sir, I am glad; & that which I haue done,
Was nothing else but mirth and modestie.*

8 *Pa. I, misteris Ford; Falstaffe hath all the grieve;*
And in this knauerie, my wife was the chiefe.

Mi. Pa. No knauerie, husband; it was honest mirth.

Hu. Indeed it was good pastimes & merriments!

Mis. For. But, sweete heart,¹ shall wee leaue olde Falstaffe so?

12 *Mis. Pa. O, by no meanes! send to him againe!* 18, 14
Pa. I do not thinke heele come, being so much deceiued. 24, 19

*For. Let me alone! Ile to him once againe like Brooke, and
know his mind, whether heele come or not. [75-6.]*

16 *Pa. There must be some plot laide, or heele not come.* 43

¹ See IV. ii. 10, p. 77.

The Merry Wiues of Windsor.

Mis. Page. There is an old tale goes, that *Herne* the Hunter
(Sometime a Keeper heere, in *Windfor Forreſt*,) 28
Doth all the winter time, at ſtill midnight,
Walke round about an Oake, with great rag'd-hornes ;
And there he blaſtſ the tree, and takes the cattle,
And makes milch-kine yeeld blood, and shakes a chaine 32
In a moft hideous and dreadfull manner.
You haue heard of ſuch a Spirit ; and well you know,
The ſuperstitious idle-headed-Eld
Receu'd, and did deliuer to our age, 36
This tale of *Herne* the Hunter, for a truth.

Page. Why, yet there want not many, that do feare,
In deepe of night, to walke by this *Herne's Oake* :
But what of this ?

Mif. Ford. Marry, this is our deuife : 40
That *Falſtaffe*, at that Oake ſhall meeete with vs,
* Disguife like *Herne*, with huge horns on his head.*

Page. Well, (let it not be doubted but he'll come,
And in this shafe :) when you haue brought him thether, 44
What ſhall be done with him ? What is your plot ?

Mif. Pa. That likewiſe haue we thought vpon ; & thus .
Nan Page (my daughter,) and my little ſonne,
And three or foure more of their growth, wee'l drefſe 48
Like Vrchins, Ouphes, and Fairies, greene and white,
With rounds of waxen Tapers on their heads,
And rattles in their hands ; vpon a fodaine,
(As *Falſtaffe*, the, and I, are newly met,) 52
Let them from forth a faw-pit rush at once
With ſome diuſed ſong ! Vpon their fight,
We two (in great amazeneſſe,) will flye.

32. *makes*] make F.

*42. *Disguife* . . .] Q.

Mis. Pa. Let vs alone for that ! *Heare my deuice !* 26, 40
Oft haue you heard, ſince Horne the hunter dyed, 34, 27
That women (to affright their little children,) 27
20 ſee that he walkes in ſhape of a great stagge. 30
Now, (for that Falſtaffe hath bene ſo deuiceſſe,
As that he dares not venture to the house,) 41
Weele ſend him word to meet vs in the field, 18, p. 86
24 *Disguife like Horne, with huge horns on his head.* 37, 30
The houre ſhalbe iuft betweene twelve and one ; [IV. vi. 19, p. 95]
[IV. iv. 27-55.

The Merry Wiues of Windsor.

Then let them all encircle him about,
And (Fairy-like,) to-pinch the vncleane Knight ;
And aske him why that houre of Fairy Reuell,
In their so sacred pathes, he dares to tread
In shape prophane.

56

Mist. Ford. And, till he tell the truth,
Let the suppos'd Fairies pinch him found,
And burne him with their Tapers.

60

Mist. Page. The truth being knowne,
We'll all present our felues ; dif-horne the spirit ;
And mocke him home to *Windsor*.

Ford. The children must 64
Be practis'd well to this, or they'll neu'r doo't.

Eua. I will teach the children their behauaviours : and I will
be like a *Iacke-an-Apes* also, to burne the Knight with my
Taber. 68

Ford. That will be excellent ! Ile go buy them vizards.

Mist. Page. My *Nan* shall be the Queene of all the Fairies,
Finely attir'd in a robe of white. 71

Page. That filke will I go buy. ([*Aside*] And in that time
Shall *Master Slender* steale my *Nan* away,

And marry her at *Eaton*.) ¶ Go, send to *Falstaffe* straight !

Ford. Nay, Ile to him againe in name of *Brooke* ;

57. *to-pinch*] Steevens (Tyrwhitt conj.). to pinch F.

60. *Mist. Ford*] Ford F.

And at that time we there will meet him both.

Then would I haue you present there at hand,

28 *With little boyes disguised and dressed like Fayries,* 48, 49
For to affright fat Falstaffe in the woods.

And then (to make a periode to the Iest,) [see 17, p. 95]

31 *Tell Falstaffe all : I thinke this will do best.*

Pa. *Tis excellent ! And my daughter Anne,* 69, 70, 47
Shall, like a little Fayrie, be disguised.

Mis. Pa. [*Aside*] *And in that Mask, Ile make the Doctor steale* 82

35 *My daughter An ; &, ere my husband knowes it,* 86
To carrie her to Church, and marrie her.

Mis. For. *But who will buy the silkes to tyre the boyes ?* 82

Pa. *That will I do ; [Aside] and in a robe of white* 71

39 *Ile cloath my daughter, and aduertise Slender*
To know her by that signe, and steale her thence, 4-6, p. 98.

And, vnkowne to my wife, shall marrie her.

Hu. *So kad vdge me, the deuises is excellent ! I will also be* [66-7]

The Merry Wiues of Windsor.

Hee'l tell me all his purpose: sure, hee'l come. 76

Mif. Page. Feare not you that! Go get vs properties
And tricking for our Fayries.

Euans. Let vs about it! It is admirable pleasures, and
ferry honest knaueries! [Exeunt PAGE, FORD, EUANS. 80

Mif. Page. Go, *Mistris Ford*;
Send quickly to Sir *John*, to know his minde. [Exit *Mist. Ford*.
Ile to the Doctor! He hath my good will,
(And none but he,) to marry with *Nan Page*. 84
That *Slender* (though well landed,) is an Ideot!
And he, my husband best of all affects.
The Doctor is well monied, and his friends
Potent at Court! He, none but he, shall haue her,
Though twenty thousand worthier come to craue her! [Exit.

Actus Quartus. Scena Quinta.

The Garter Inn.

Enter Host, SIMPLE, (& after, FALSTAFFE, BARDOLFE,
EUANS, CAIUS, QUICKLY.)

Host. What wouldst thou haue, Boore? what, Thickskin?
Speake! breathe! discusse! breefe, short, quicke, snap!
Simp. Marry, Sir, I come to speake with Sir *John Falstaffe*
from Maister *Slender*. 4

43 there, and be like a Iackanapes, and pinch him most cruelly for his
lecheries. 61, 67

Mis. Pa. Why, then we are reuenged sufficiently.

First he was carried, and throwne in the Thames, [IV. iv. 20, p. 86]
Next beaten well: [21] *I am sure youle witnes that!*

48 *Mi. For.* *Ile lay my life, this makes him nothing fat!*
Pa. Well, lets about this stratagem! I long

50 *To see deceit deceived, and wrong have wrong.*

For. Well, send to Falstaffe! and if he come thither, 74, 43-4

52 *Twill make vs smile and laugh one moneth together.* [Exeunt¹ omnes.

[IV. v.] Enter Host and Simple.

Host. What would thou haue, boore? what, thick-skin? Speake,
breath, discusse! short, quick, briefe, snap! 2

Sim. Sir, I am sent from my Maister to sir *John Falstaffe*. 4

¹ Exit Q.

The Merry Wiues of Windsor.

Host. There's his Chamber, his House, his Castle, his standing-bed, and truckle-bed: 'tis painted about with the story of the Prodigall, fresh and new. Go, knock and call! hee'l speake like an *Anthropophaginian* vnto thee: Knocke, I say! 9

Simp. There's an olde woman, a fat woman, gone vp into his chamber. Ile be so bold as stay, Sir, till the come downe. I come to speake with her, indeed. 12

Host. Ha! 'A fat woman!' The Knight may be robb'd: Ile call. ¶ Bully-Knight! Bully Sir *Iohn*! speake from thy Lungs Military! Art thou there? It is thine Host, thine *Ephesian*, calls. 16

Fal. [aboue] How now, mine Host?

Host. Here's a *Bohemian-Tartar* tarries the comming downe of thy fat-woman. Let her descend, Bully! let her descend! my Chambers are honourable. Fie priuacy! Fie! 20

Enter Sir Iohn FALSTAFFE.*

Fal. There was (mine Host,) an old fat-woman euen now with me, but she's gone.

Simp. Pray you, Sir, was't not the Wife-woman of *Brainford*? 24

*20. *Enter Sir Iohn*] Q.

4 Host. *Sir John!* Theres his Castle, his standing bed, his trundle bed; his chamber is painted about with the story of the Prodigall, fresh and new. Go, knock! heele speak like an *Anthropophaginian* to thee. Knock, I say! 9

8 Sim. Sir, I should speak with an old woman *that went* vp into his chamber. 11

Host. 'An old woman!' the knight may be robbed: Ile call. ¶ Bully Knight! Bully sir *Iohn*! Speake from thy Lungs military!

12 It is thine Host, thy *Ephesian*, calls. 13, 16

Fal. [aboue] Now, mine Host! 17

Host. Here is a *Bohemian-Tarter*, *Bully*, tarries the comming downe of the fat woman. Let her descend, Bully! let her descend! 16 My chambers are honorable. *Pah!* priuasie! fie! 20

Enter Sir Iohn.

Fal. Indeed, mine Host, there was a fat woman with me, but she is gone.

Sim. Pray, sir, was it not the wise woman of *Brainford*? 23

20 Fal. Marry, was it, *Musselshell*? What would you?

The Merry Wiues of Windsor.

Fal. I, marry was it, (Muffel-shell !) what would you with her?

Simp. My Master, (Sir,) my master *Slender*, sent me* to her, (seeing her go through the streets,) to know, (Sir,) whether one *Nim*, (Sir,) that beguil'd him of a chaine, had the chaine, or no. 30

Fal. I speake with the old woman about it.

Sim. And what fayes she, I pray, Sir?

Fal. Marry, shee fayes, that the very same man that beguil'd Master *Slender* of his Chaine, cozon'd him of it. 34

Simp. I would I could haue spokēn with the Woman her selfe! I had other things to haue spokēn with her too, from him.

Fal. What are they? let vs know! 38

Hofst. I, come! quicke!

Sim. I may not conceale them, Sir?

Hofst. Conceale them, or thou di'ft! 41

Sim. Why, fir, they were nothing but about Mistris *Anne Page*; to know if it were my Masters fortune to haue her, or no.

Fal. 'Tis, 'tis his fortune! 45

Sim. What, Sir?

Fal. 'To haue her, or no.' Goe say the woman told me so!

Sim. May I be bold to say so, Sir?

Fal. I, Sir Tike! who more bold? 49

Sim. I thanke your worship! I shall make my Master glad with these tydings. [Exit.

*27. *me*] Q.

40. *Sim.*] Fal. F.

49. *I Sir Tike*] Steevens (Farmer conj.). I Sir: like F. I, tike Q.

Sim. Marry [3], sir, my master Slender sent *me* to her, to know whether one *Nim*, that *hath* his chaine, *cousoned* him of *it*, or no.

Fal. I *talked* with the woman about it.

24 *Sim.* And I pray, sir, what ses she?

Fal. Marry, she ses, the very same man that beguiled master Slender of his chaine, *cousoned* him of it. 34

Sim. May I be bolde to *tell my maister* so, sir? 48

28 *Fal.* I, *tike*, who more bolde.

Sim. I thanke you, *sir*, I shall make my maister a glad *man* at these tydings. *God be with you, sir!* 49

The Merry Wiues of Windsor.

Host. Thou art clearly, thou art clearly, Sir *John*! Was there a wife woman with thee? 53

Fal. I, that there was, (mine *Host*,) one that hath taught me more wit, then euer I learn'd before in my life; and I paid nothing for it neither, but was paid for my learning.

*Enter BARDOLFE.**

Bar. Out, alas, Sir! cozonage! meere cozonage! 57

Host. Where be my horses? speake well of them, *varletto*!

Bar. Run away with the cozoners! for, so foone as I came beyond *Eaton*, they threw me off (from behinde one of them,) in a flough of myre; and set spurres, and away, like three *Germane*-diuels, three *Doctor Faustaffes*! 62

Host. They are gone but to meeete the Duke, (Villaine!) doe not say they be fled! *Germanes* are honest men.

Enter Sir HUGH + EUANS.

Euan. Where is mine *Host*?

Host. What is the matter, Sir? 66

52. *art*] are F. *56. *Enter . . .*] Q.

+64. *Enter Sir Hugh*] Q, after l. 80.

Host. Thou art clarkly, sir *John*! thou art clarkly. Was there 32 a wise woman with thee? 52-3

Fal. *Marry*, was there, mine *Host*, one that taught me more wit then I learned *this 7. yeaer*; and I paid nothing for it, but was paid for my learning. 54, 56

Enter Bardolfe.

36 *Bar.* O *Lord*, sir! Cousonage! *plaine* cousinage! 57

Host. *Why, man?* Where be my horses? *where be the Germanes?* 64

40 *Bar.* *Rid* away with *your* horses! [70] *After* I came beyond *Maidenhead*, they flung me in a slow of myre, & away *they ran*! 58-61

Enter Doctor.

Doc. Where *be* my *Host de Gartyre*?

Host. O here, sir, in perplexitie! 74

44 *Doc.* I cannot tell vad *be* dad; but *begar* I will tell you *van* [77] *ting*: *dear be* a *Garmaine* Duke *come to de Court*, *has cosened all* [69] *de host of Branford, and Redding*. *Begar*, I tell you for good will! *Ha, ha, mine Host!* am I even met¹ you? [Exit.

Enter Sir Hugh.

48 *Sir Hu.* Where is mine *Host of the Gartyr*? ¶ *Now, my Host, I would desire you*, looke you *now*, to haue a care of your entertain-

¹ met = with.

The Merry Wiues of Windsor.

Euan. Haue a care of your entertainments ! there is a friend of mine come to Towne, tels mee there is three Cozen-*Iermans*, that has cozend all the Hosts of *Readins*, of *Maiden-head*, of *Cole-brooke*, of horses and money. I tell you for [70 good will, (looke you) ! You are wife, and full of gibes, and vlounting-stocks; and 'tis not conuenient you should be cozoned. Fare you well ! [Exit.*

† Enter Doctor CAIUS.

Cai. Ver'is mine *Host* *de Iarteere* ?

74

Host. Here, Master Doctor ! in perplexite, and doubtfull delemma.

Cai. I cannot tell vat is dat; but it is tell-a-me, dat you make grand preparation for a Duke *de Iamanie*. By my trot, der is no Duke that the Court is know, to come ! I tell you for good will : adieu ! [Exit.* 80

Host. Huy and cry, Villaine ! goe ! ¶ assifst me, Knight ! I am vndone ! ¶ fly, run ! huy and cry, Villaine ! I am vndone !

[Exeunt‡ HOST & BARDOLFE.

Fal. I would all the world might be cozond ! for I haue beeene cozond, and beaten too ! If it should come to the eare of the Court, how I haue beeene transformed, and how my transformation hath beeene washd, and cudgeld, they would [86 melt mee out of my fat, drop by drop, and liquor Fishermens-boots with me ! I warrant they would whip me with their fine wits, till I were as creft-falne as a dride-peare. I never prosper'd, sinc I forswore my selfe at *Primero*. Well, if my [90 winde were but long enough § to say my prayers, I would repent.

*73, 80. Exit] Q.

†82. Exeunt . . .] Exit Q.

†Enter Doctor] Q, p. 92.

§91. to . . . prayers] Q.

ments ; for there is three sorts of cosen garmombles, is cosen all the Host of Maidenhead & Readings. Now you are an honest man, and a scuruy beggerly lousie knaue beside, and can point wrong 52 places. I tell you for good will. Grate why,¹ mine Host ! [Exit.

Host. I am cosened¹ Hugh and cry,² Bardolfe ! ¶ Sweet Knight assist me ! I am cosened ! [Exit, followed by BARDOLFE. 81, 82

56 Fal. Would all the worell³ were cosened for me ! For I am cousoned, and beaten too ! [83-4] Well, I never prospered since I forswore my selfe at *Primero*. And my winde were but long inough to say my prayers, Ide repent.

91

¹ Great reason why.

² coy Q.

³ worell = world.

The Merry Wiues of Windsor.

*Enter Mistreffe QUICKLY.**

¶ Now ! Whence come you ?

Qui. From the two parties, forsooth.

Fal. The Diuell take one partie, and his Dam the other !
and so they shall be both bestowed. I haue suffer'd more for
their sakes, more then the villanous inconstancy of mans
disposition is able to bear. 97

Qui. And haue not they suffer'd ? Yes, I warrant ! speci-
ously one of them ! Mistris *Ford*, (good heart,) is beaten blacke
and blew, that you cannot see a white spot about her ! 100

Fal. What tell'ft thou mee of 'blacke and blew' ? I was
beaten, my selfe, into all the colours of the Rainebow ! And
I was like to be apprehended for the Witch of *Braineford* !
But that my admirable dexteritie of wit, my counterfeiting
the action of an old woman, deliuer'd me, the knaue [105
Constable had set me ith' Stocks, ith' common Stocks, for a
Witch !

Qu. Sir ! let me speake with you in your Chamber ; you
shall heare how things goe, and (I warrant) to your content.
Here is a Letter will say somewhat. Good-hearts, what a-doe
here is to bring you together ! Sure, one of you do's not
serue heauen well, that you are so croff'd !

Fal. Come vp into my Chamber !

[*Exeunt. 113*

*91. *Enter . . . Quickly*] Q (after 'you', l. 92).

Enter Mistresse Quickly.

¶ Now, from whence come you ?

60 Quic. From the two parties, forsooth.

Fal. The diuell take the one partie, and his dam the other ; and
theyle be both bestowed ! I haue endured more for their sakes,
then man is able to endure ! 97

64 Quic. *O Lord, sir, they are the sorrowfulst creatures that euer
liued ! specially Mistresse Ford ! her husband hath beaten her, that
she is all blacke and blew, poore soule.* 98-100

Fal. What tellest me of 'blacke and blew' ? I haue bene beaten
68 all the colours in the Rainbow ! And, *in my escape*, like to a bene
apprehended for a witch of Brainford, and set in the stockes ! 103

Quic. *Well, sir, she is a sorrowfull woman ! And I hope, when
you heare my errant, youle be persuaded to the contrarie.*

72 Fal. Come, goe with me into my chamber ! *Ile heare thee.* 113
[*Exeunt¹ omnes.*

² Exit Q

94

The Merry Wiues of Windsor.

Actus Quartus. Scena Sexta.

The Hosts Parlour in the Garter Inn.

Enter FENTON, Host.

Hof. Master Fenton, talke not to meee! My minde is
heavy. I will glie ouer all.

Fen. Yet heare me speake! Assit me in my purpose,
And (as I am a gentleman) ile glie thee
A hundred pound in gold, more then your losse!

Hof. I will heare you, (Master Fenton,) and I will (at the
least) keepe your counsell.

Fen. From time to time, I haue acquainted you 8
With the deare loue I beare to faire *Anne Page*,
Who, mutually, hath anfwer'd my affection,
(So farre forth, as her selfe might be her chooser,)
Euen to my wish. I haue a letter from her, 12
Of such contents as you will wonder at;
The mirth whereof, so larded with my matter,
That neither (singly) can be manifested
Without the shew of both: fat *Falstaffe* 16
Hath a great Scene: the image of the iefl
Ile shew you here at large. Harke, good mine Host!
To night, at *Hernes-Oke*, iuft 'twixt twelue and one,
Must my sweet *Nan* present the *Faerie-Queene*: 20
(The purpose why, is here :) in which disguise

[IV. vi.] *Enter Host and Fenton.*

Host. Speak not to me, sir! My mind is heauie! I haue had
a great losse!

Fen. Yet heare me; and, (as I am a gentleman,) 3, 4
4 Ile glie you a hundred pound toward your losse.

Host. Well, sir, Ile heare you; and at least keep your counsell.

Fen. Then, thus, my host: Tis not unknown to you,
The feruent loue I beare to young *Anne Page*, 9
8 And mutually her loue againe to mee:

But yet her father, still against her chiose,
Doth seek to marrie her to foolish *Slender*, 23, 25
And, in a robe of white this night disguised.

12 (Wherein fat *Falstaffe* had a mighty scare,) 35, 21
16

The Merry Wiues of Windsor.

(VVhile other Iefts are something ranke on foote,) Her father hath commanded her to slip
Away with *Slender*, and with him, at *Eaton*, 24
Immediately to Marry : She hath consented.
Now, Sir,
Her Mother, (euen¹ strong against that match,
And firme for Doctor *Cayus*,) hath appointed 28
That he shall likewise shuffle her away,
(While other sports are tasking of their mindes,) And at the Deanry, where a Priest attends,
Strait marry her : to this her Mothers plot, 32
She (feemingy obedient) likewise hath
Made promise to the Doctor. Now, thus it rests :
Her Father meanes she shall be all in white ;
And in that habit, when *Slender* fees his time 36
To take her by the hand, and bid her goe,
She shall goe with him : her Mother hath intended
The better to denote her to the Doctor,
(For they must all be mask'd, and vizarded,) 40
That, quaint in greene, she shall be loose en-roah'd,
With Ribonds-pendant, flaring 'bout her head ;
And when the Doctor spies his vantage ripe,
To pinch her by the hand ; and, on that token, 44
The maid hath giuen consent to go with him.
Host. Which meanes she to deceiue ? Father, or Mother ?
Fen. Both, (my good Host,) to go along with me !
And heere it rests ; that you'll procure the Vicar 48
To stay for me at Church, 'twixt twelue, and one ;
And, in the lawfull name of marrying,

¹ *euen* is 'equally.'

39. *denote*] deuote F (turnd n.).

Must Slender take her, and carrie her to Catlen, 24, 37
And there, vndeowne to any, marrie her.
Now, Sir, her Mother (still against that match, 27
16 And firme for Doctor Cayus,) in a robe of red 28
By her deuice, the Doctor must steale her thence, 43
And she hath giuen consent to goe with him. 45
Host. Now,
20 Which means she to deceiue, father or mother ? 46
Fen. Both, my good Host, to go along with me ! 47
Now here it rests, that you would procure a priest,
And tarrie readie at the appointment place,

The Merry Wiues of Windsor.

To giue our hearts vnited ceremony.

Host. Well, husband your deuice ! Ile to the Vicar ! 52

Bring you the Maid ; you shall not lacke a Priest.

Fen. So shall I euermore be bound to thee ;

Besides, Ile make a present recompence. [Exeunt. 55

Actus Quintus. Scœna Prima.

FALSTAFFES Chamber in the Garter Inn.

Enter FALSTOFFE, QUICKLY, (and after, FORD as BROOKE.)

Fal. Pre'thee, no more pratling ! go ! Ile hold ! (this is the third time : I hope good lucke lies in odde numbers.) Away, go ! (They say 'there is Diuinity in odde Numbers,' either in natiuity, chance, or death.) Away ! 4

Qui. Ile prouide you a chaine ; and Ile do what I can to get you a paire of hornes.

Fall. Away, I say ! Time weares. Hold vp your head, & mince ! [Exit QUICKLY. 8

Enter FORD as BROOKE.

¶ How now, Master Brooke ? Master Brooke, the matter will be knowne to night, or neuer. Bee you in the Parke about midnight, at *Hernes-Oake*, and you shall see wonders. 11

5. *Qui.*] Qai. F.

24 To giue our harts vnited matrimonie.

Host. But how will you come to steale her from among them ? 51

Fen. That, hath sweet Nan and I agreed vpon. And by a robe of white, the which she weares, with ribones pendant flaring bout 142 28 her head, I shalbe sure to know her, and conuey her thence, and bring her where the priest abides our comming ; and (by thy furtherance) there be married.

Host. Well, husband your deuice ! Ile to the Vicar ! 52

32 Bring you the maide ; you shall not lacke a Priest. 53

Fen. So shall I euermore be bound vnto thee :

Besides, Ile alwayes be thy faithfull friend. [Exeunt¹ omnes. 55

[V. i.] Enter sir John with a Bucks head vpon him.

Fal. This is the third time. Well, Ile venter ! They say there is good luck in odd² numbers. [Turn to p. 100.]

¹ Exit Q.

² old Q.

[IV. vi. 51-55 ; V. i. x-xx.

The Merry Wiues of Windsor.

Ford. Went you not to her yesterday,¹ (Sir,) as you told me you had appointed?

Fal. I went to her, (Master *Brooke*,) as you see, like a poore old-man; but I came from her, (Master *Brooke*,) like a poore old-woman. That same knaue *Ford*, (hir husband,) hath the finest mad diuell of ialousie in him, (Master [17] *Brooke*,) that euer gouern'd Frenfie. I will tell you: he beate me greeuously, in the shape of a woman; for in the shape of Man, (Master *Brooke*,) I feare not *Goliah* with a Weauers beame; because I know also, life is a Shuttle. [21] I am in haft; go along with mee! Ile tell you all, (Master *Brooke*!) Since I pluckt Geefe, plaide Trewant, and whipt Top, I knew not what 'twas to be beaten, till lately. Follow mee! Ile tell you strange things of this knaue *Ford*, on [25] whom to night I will be reuenged; and I will deliuer his wife into your hand. Follow! Straunge things in hand, (Maister *Brooke*!) Follow!

[*Exeunt.* 28]

Actus Quintus. Scena Secunda.

'The Little Parke.'

Enter PAGE, SHALLOW, SLENDER.

Page. Come, come! wee'll couch i'th Castle-ditch, till we see the light of our Fairies. ¶ Remember, son *Slender*, my—

Slen. I, forsooth! I haue spoke with her, & we haue a nay-word, how to know one another. I come to her in white, and cry 'Mum'; she cries 'Budget', and by that we know one another.

Shal. That's good too: But what needes either your 'Mum', or her 'Budget'? The white will decipher her well enough. It hath strooke ten a'clocke.

Page. The night is darke; Light and Spirits will become it wel. Heauen prosper our sport! No man means euill but the deuill; and we shal know him by his hornes. Lets away! follow me!

[*Exeunt.* 13]

¹ Read 'this morning', to avoid the confusion of time in the Play.
—P. A. Daniel.

The Merry Wiues of Windsor.

Actus Quintus. Scena Tertia.

A Path leading to 'the Little Parke.'

Enter Miftris PAGE, Miftris FORD, CAIUS.

Mif. Page. Maſter Doctor, my daughter is in green: when you fee your time, take her by the hand, away with her to the Deanerie, and dispatch it quickly! go before into the Parke! ¶ We two muſt go together. 4

Cai. I know vat I haue to do. Adieu!

Mif. Page. Fare you well, Sir! [Exit CAIUS.] ¶ My husband will not reioyce fo much at the abuse of *Falſtaffe*, as he will chafe at the Doctors marrying my daughter. But 'tis no matter! Better a little chiding, then a great deale of heart-breaſe! 10

Mif. Ford. Where is *Nan* now? and her troop of Fairies? and the *Welch-deuill Hugh*? 12

Mif. Page. They are all couch'd in a pit hard by *Herne's Oake*, with obſcur'd Lights; which, at the very instant of *Falſtaffes* and our meeting, they will at once display to the night. 16

Mif. Ford. That cannot choose but amaze him.

Mif. Page. If he be not amaz'd, he will be mock'd. If he be amaz'd, he will euery way be mock'd.

Mif. Ford. Wee'll betray him finely! 20

Mif. Page. Against ſuſh Lewdſters, and their lechery, Thoſe that betray them, do no treachery. 22

Mif. Ford. The houre drawes on. To the Oake, to the Oake! [Exeunt.

12. *Hugh*] Capell. Herne F.

The Merry Wiues of Windsor.

Actus Quintus. Scena Quarta.

'The Little Parke.'

Enter EUANS and Fairies.

Euans. Trib, trib, Fairies! Come, and remember your parts! Be pold, (I pray you!) follow me into the pit; and when I give the watch-ords, do as I pid you. Come, come! Trib, trib!

[*Exeunt.* 4]

Actus Quintus. Scena Quinta.

'The Little Parke.'

Enter FALSTAFFE, with a Bucks head upon him, as HERNE the Hunter. (Then, later, Mistris PAGE, Mistris FORD; then EUANS, ANNE PAGE & her brother WILLIAM,¹ Fairies, PAGE, FORD, QUICKLY; lastly, SLENDER, FENTON, CAIUS, PISTOLL.)*

Fal. The *Windsor*-bell hath stroke twelue; the Minute drawes on. Now the hot-bloodied-Gods affist me! Remember, *Ioue*, thou was't a Bull for thy *Europa*; Loue set on thy hornes. (O powerfull Loue, that in some respects [4 makes a Beast a Man; in som other, a Man a beast.) You were also, (*Iupiter*), a Swan, for the loue of *Leda*. (O omnipotent Loue! how nere the God drew to the complexion of a Goose!) A fault done first in the forme of a [8 beast. (O *Ioue*! a beastly fault.) And then another fault, in the semblance of a Fowle. Thinke on't, (*Ioue!*) a fowle fault! When Gods haue hot backes, what shall poore men do? For me, I am heere a *Windsor* Stagge, and the [12 fattest (I thinke,) i'th Forrest. Send me a coole rut-time, (*Ioue!*) or who can blame me to pisfe my Tallow? ¶ Who comes heere? my Doe?

* with a Bucks . . . him] Q, p. 97.

¹ See IV. iv. 47, p. 87; p. 75.

[V. v. From p. 97.] Ione transformed himselfe into a bull; and
4 I am here a Stag, and I thinke the fattest in all Windsor forrest.

Well, I stand here for Horne the hunter, waiting my Does comming.

The Merry Wiues of Windsor.

* Enter *Mistris Ford and Mistris Page.*

Mist. Ford. Sir John ! Art thou there, my Deere ? My male-Deere ? ¹⁷

Fal. My Doe, with the blacke Scut ! Let the skie raine Potatoes ! let it thunder, to the tune of 'Greene-sleeues' ! haile kiffing Comfits, and snow Eringoes ! Let there come a tempeſt of prouocation, I will ſhelter mee heere. ²¹

[Embraces her.

Mist. Ford. Mistris Page is come with me, (weet hart !) ²²

Fal. Diuide me like a ¹brib'd-Bucke, each a Haunch ! I will keepe my fides to my ſelfe, my ſhoulders for the fellow of this walke ; and my hornes, I bequeath your husbands. Am I a Woodman, ha ? Speake I like *Herne* the Hunter ? Why, now is *Cupid* a child of conſcience ; he makes ^[27] reſtitution. As I am a true ſpirit, welcome !

[There is a noife of Hornes.†

Mist. Page. Alas ! what noife ?

Mist. Ford. Heauen forgiue our finnes !

Fal. What ſhould this be ?

Mist. Ford & Mist. Page. Away, away ! ³²

[The two Women run away.‡

Fal. I thinke the diuell wil not haue me damn'd, leaſt the

*15. Enter . . . Page] Q, trans- giuen vnto a begger.'—Cotgrave.
posing *Ford* and *Page*. ¹⁶ +28. There . . . hornes] Q.

¹ Cut-up. Cp. Fr. 'Bribe: f. A piece, lumpe, or cantill of bread ¹⁷ +32. The two . . .] Q.

Enter *mistris Page, and mistris Ford.*

Mis. Pa. Sir John, where are you ? ¹⁶

Fal. Art thou come, my doe ? ¶ What ! and thou too ? ¶ Well 8 come, *Ladies* !

Mi. For. I, I, sir John, I ſee you will not faile ; therefore you deserue far better then our loues ; but it grieues me for your late crosses.

12 *Fal.* This makes amends for all !

Come, diuide me betweene you, each a hanch ! ²³

For my hornes, Ile bequeath them to your husbands.

Do I ſpeake like *Horne* the hunter ? ha !

[There is a noife of hornes.

16 *Mis. Pa.* God forgiue me ! What noife is this ? ^{30, 29}

[The two women run away.

The Merry Wiues of Windsor.

oyle that's in me should set hell on fire ; he would neuer else
crosse me thus. 35

¹ Enter Fairies with Tapers : *Mistresse Quickly as Queene ; ANNE PAGE as a Fairy In white ; her brother WILLIAM as Cricket, another as BEDE, with Elues, Ouphes & Urchins ; PISTOLL as Crier Hob-Goblyn, Sir HUGH EUANS like a Satyre ; 'all mask'd and vizarded'* [IV. vi. 40, p. 96].

Qui. [Anne] Fairies, blacke, gray, greene, and white,
You Moone-shine reuellers, and shades of night, 37
You Orphan heires of fixēd destiny,
Attend your office, and your quality ! 39

[¶] Crier Hob-goblyn, make the Fairy Oyes !

Pif. Elues, lift your names ! Silence, you aiery toyes ! 41
[¶] Cricket, to Windsor-chimnies halft thou leape !
Where fires thou find'ft vnrank'd, and hearths vnswept,
There pinch the Maids as blew as Bill-berry !
Our radiant Queene, hates Sluts and Sluttery. 45

(*Fal.* They are Fairies ; he that speaks to them shall die :
Ile winke, and couch : No man their workes must eie.) 47

[Lies down.]

Eu. Wher's Bede ? [¶] Go you, and where you find a maid

¹ See Q, below.

36. *Que.*] *Qui. F. Quic. Q.*

Enter sir Hugh like a Satyre, and boyes drest like Fayries, *Mistresse Quickly, like the Queene of Fayries : they sing a song about him, and afterward speake.*

Quic. You Fayries, that do haunt these shady groues, 36
Looke round about the wood, if you can there¹ espie

¹⁹ *A mortall that doth haunt our sacred round :*
If such a one you can espie, give him his due,

²¹ *And leaue not till you pinch him blacke and blew !* 44

[¶] *Give them their charge, Puck, ere they part² away.*

Sir. Hu. Come hither, Peane ! Go to the countrie houses,
And when you finde a slut that lies a sleepe,

²⁵ *And all her dishes foule, and roome vnswept,* 43
With your long nailēs, pinch her till she crie, 53

²⁷ *And sweare to mend her sluttish huswifarie.*

Fai. I warrant you, I will performe your will !

Hu. Where is Pead ? [¶] Go you, & see where *Brokers sleep,* 48, 52

¹ there Q om.

² parr Q.

The Merry Wiues of Windsor.

That, ere she sleepe, has thrice her prayërs said,	49
Raife vp the Organs of her fantasie,	
Sleepe she as found as careleffe infancie.	51
But those as sleepe, and thinke not on their fins,	
Pinch them, armes, legs, backes, shoulders, fides, & shins.	53
<i>Qu.</i> About, about!	
¶ Search <i>Windfor Castle</i> , (Elues,) within, and out!	55
¶ Strew good lucke, (Ouphes,) on euery sacred roome,	
That it may stand till the perpetuall doome,	57
In state as wholhōme, as in state 'tis fit,	
Worthy the Owner, and the Owner it.	59
The feuall Chaires of Order, looke you scowre	
With iuyce of Balme; and euery precious flowre	61
Each faire Instalment, Coate, and feu'rall Crest,	
With loyall Blazon, euermore be bleft!	63
¶ And (Nightly-meadow-Fairies,) looke you fing	
Like to the <i>Garters-Compaſſe</i> , in a ring!	65
Th'exprefſure that it beares, Greene let it be,	
More fertile-fresh then all the Field to fee;	67
And, <i>Hony Soit Qui Mal-y-Pense</i> , write	
In Emrold-tuffes, Flowres purple, blew, and white;	69
Like Saphire-pearle, and rich embroiderie,	
Buckled below faire Knight-hoods bending knee:	
Fairies vſe Flowres for their charācterie.	72
Away, diſperſe! But till 'tis one a clocke,	
Our Dance of Custome, round about the Oke	74
Of <i>Herne</i> the Hunter, let vs not forget!	
<i>Euan.</i> Pray you, lock hand in hand! your felues in order fet!	
And twenty glow-wormes shall our Lanthornes bee,	
To guide our Measure round about the Tree.	78

67. *More*] Mote F.

68. *Pense*] Pence F.

<i>And Foxe-eyed Seriants with their mase;</i>	
<i>Goe laie the Proctors in the street,</i>	
32	<i>And pinch the lousie Seriants face!</i>
	<i>Spare none of these, when they are a bed,</i>
34	<i>But such whose nose lookes plew and red!</i>
	<i>Quic. Away, begon! His mind fulſill!</i>
36	<i>And looke that none of you stand ſtill.</i>
	<i>Some do that thing, some do this;</i>
38	<i>All do something, none amis!</i>

The Merry Wiues of Windsor.

But stay ! I smell a man of middle earth !	
(Fal. Heauens defend me from that <i>Welsh</i> Fairy, leaſt he transforme me to a peece of Cheefe !)	81
Pif. Vilde worme ! thou waſt ore-look'd, euen in thy birth !	
Qu. With Triall-fire touch me his finger-end !	
If he be chaſte, the flame will backe descend,	84
And turne him to no paine ; but if he ſtart,	
It is the fleſh of a corrupted hart.	86
Pif. A triall, come !	
Eua. Come ! will this wood take fire ?	
[They put the Tapers to his fingers, and he ſtarts.*	
Fal. Oh, oh, oh !	
Qui. Corrupt, corrupt, and tainted in deſire !	89
¶ About him, (Fairies,) finge a ſcornfull rime ;	
And as you trip, ſtill pinch him to your time !	91

*87. They put . . .] Q.

1 Sir Hu. I ſmell a man of middle earth !	79
(Fal. God blesſe me from that Wealch Fairie !)	80
Quic. Looke every one about this round,	
42 And if that any here be found,—	
For his presumption in this place,	
44 Spare neither legge, arme, head, nor face ! [see 53, p. 103]	
Sir Hu. See ! I haue ſpied one by good luck :	
46 His bodie man, his head a buck.	
(Fal. God ſend me good fortune now ! and I care not.)	
Quic. Go ſtraiſt, and do as I commaund,	
49 And take a Taper in your hand,	
And ſet it to his fingers endes ;	83
51 And if you ſee it him offendes,	
And that he starteth at the flame,	84
53 Then is he mortall ; know his name !	
If with an F. it doth begin,	
55 Why then, be ſhure, he is full of ſin.	
About it then, and know the truthe,	
57 Of this ſame metamorphiſed youth !	
Sir Hu. Giue me the Tapers ! I will try	
59 And if that he loue venvy.	
[They put the Tapers to his fingers, and he ſtarts.	
Sir Hu. It is right indeed ! He is full of lecheries and iniquitie.	
Quic. A little diſtant from him ſtand,	
62 And every one take hand in hand ;	76
And compaſſe him within a ring ;	65
64 First pinch him well ; and after, ſing.	91

* Hir Q.
104

The Merry Wiues of Windsor.

[* *Here they pinch him, and sing about him, & the Doctor comes one way & steales away a Fairy in Greene. And SLENDER another way: he takes a Fairy in White. And FENTON steales Misteris ANNE, being in White.*]

The Song.

Fie on finnefull phantafie ! Fie on Lust, and Luxurie ! 92
Lust is but a bloudy fire, kindled with vnchaste desire,

Fed in heart whose flames aspire,

As thoughts do blow them higher and higher. 95

Pinch him, (Fairies,) mutually ! Pinch him for his villanie !
Pinch him, and burne him, and turne him about,
Till Candles, & Star-light, & Moone-shine be out ! 98

[* *A noyse of hunting is made within; and all the Fairies runne away. Falstaffe pulles off his bucks head, and rises vp. And enter Master PAGE, Master FORD, and their Wiues, Master SHALLOW, & Sir Hugh EUANS.*]*

Page. [to FAL.] Nay, do not fye ! I thinke we haue watcht
you now.

VVill none but Herne the Hunter serue your turne ?

Mist. *Page.* [to M. Fo.] I pray you, come ; hold vp the iest
no higher !

¶ *Now, (good Sir Iohn,) how like you Windsor wiues ?* 102

*91-92, 98-99 Q. See below.

[*Here they pinch him, and sing about him, & the Doctor comes one way & steales away a boy in red. And Slender another way he takes a boy in green: And Fenton steales misteris Anne, being in white. And a noyse of hunting is made within: and all the Fairies runne away. Falstaffe pulles off his bucks head, and rises vp. And enters M. Page, M. Ford, and their wiues, M. Shallow, Sir Hugh.*

68 Fal. 'Horne the hunter,' quoth you ? am I a ghost ? Sblood ! the Fairies hath made a ghost of me ! What ! hunting at this time at night ? Ile lay my life the mad Prince of Wales is stealing his fathers Deare. ¶ How now, who haue we here ? What, is all Windsor stirring ? [To Mist. FORD & Mist. PAGE] Are you there ?

Shal. God sauе you, sir Iohn Falstaffe !

123

Sir Hu. God plesse you, sir Iohn ! God plesse you !

72 Pa. Why, how now, sir Iohn ? What ? a pair of horns in your hand ?

The Merry Wiues of Windsor.

¶ See you these, husband? [Points to FAL.'s hornes] Do not
these faire yoakes

Become the Forrest better then the Towne?

Ford. Now, Sir! whose a 'Cuckold' now? *Maister Brooke, Falstaffes a Knaue, a Cuckoldly knaue!* Heere are his 'hornes,' *Maister Brooke!* And, *Maister Brooke*, he [107 hath 'enjoyed' nothing of *Fords*, but his Buck-basket, his cudgell, and twenty pounds of money, which must be paid to *Maister Brooke*: his horses are arrestt for it, *Maister Brooke!*

Mist. *Ford*. Sir John, we hane had ill lunce! wee could never meeke! I will never take you for my Loue againe, but I will awayes count you my 'Deere.' 113

Fal. I do begin to perceiue that I am made an Asse. 114

Ford. I, and an Ox too: both the proofes are extant.

Fal. And these are not Fairies! I was three or foure times in the thought they were not Fairies; and yet the guiltinessse of my minde, the sodaine surprize of my powers, drone [118 the grossenesse of the foppery into a receiu'd beleefe, (in despight of the teeth of all rime and reason,) that they were Fairies. See now, how wit may be made a *Jacke-a-Lent*, when 'tis vpon ill imployment! 122

Ford. *Those hornes he ment to place vpon my head;* 107
And Maister Brooke and he should be the men.

76 ¶ Why,
How now, sir John, why are you thus amazed?
We know the Fairies, man, that pinched you so,
Your throwing in the Thames, your beating well,

80 And whats to come, sir John; that can we tell.

Mi. Pa. Sir John, tis thus; your vller¹ dishonest meanes 139, p. 107
To call our credits into question,
Did make vs undertake to do our best,

84 To turne your leard lust to a merry Jest.

Fal. 'Jest!' Tis well! Haue I lived to these yeares to [136
be gull'd now, now to be ridden? Why then, these were not [116
Fairies? 117

88 Mis. Pa. No, sir John, but boyes.

Fal. By the Lord I was twice or thrise in the mind they were not; and yet the grossenesse of the fopperie perswaded me they were. (Well, and the fine wits of the Court heare this, thayle so whip me 92 with their keene Jests, that thayle melt me out like tallow, drop by drop out of my grease.) [IV. v. 84-9, p. 93] ¶ Boyes³!

¹ vile not in Q.

The Merry Wiues of Windsor.

Euans. Sir *John Falstaffe!* serue Got, and leaue your
desires! and Fairies will not pinse you.

Ford. VWell said, Fairy *Hugh!*

Euans. And leaue you your ialonizes too, I pray you! 126

Ford. I will neuer mistrust my wife againe, till thou art
able to woo her in good *English*.

Fal. Haue I laid my braine in the Sun, and dri'de it, that
it wants matter to preuent so grofle ore-reaching as this? [130
Am I ridden with a *Welch Goate* too? Shal I haue a Cox-
combe of Frize? Tis time I were choak'd with a peece of
toasted Cheese.

Eu. 'Seefe' is not good to giue putter; your belly is al
putter. 135

Fal. 'Seefe', and 'Putter'! Haue I liu'd to stand at the
taunt of one that makes Fritters of *English*? This is enough
to be the decay of lust and late-walking through the Realme!

Mist. Page. Why, Sir *John!* do you thinke (though wee
would haue thrusft vertue out of our hearts by the head and
shoulders, and haue giuen our felues without scruple to hell,)
that euer the deuill could haue made you our delight? 142

Ford. What! a hodge-pudding! A bag of flax!

Mist. Page. A puft man!

Page. Old, cold, wither'd, and of intollerable entrailes!

Ford. And one that is as flanderous as *Sathan*! 146

Page. And as poore as *Job*!

Ford. And as wicked as his wife!

Euan. And giuen to Fornications, and to Tauerne, and
Sacke, and Wine, and Metheglins, and to drinkings and
fwearings, and starings, Pribles and prables! 151

Fal. Well, I am your Theame! you haue the start of
me; I am deiecte! I am not able to answere the *Welch*

123. *Euans*] *Euant F.*

Sir Hu. I, trust me; 'boyes,' Sir *John!* and I was also a
Fairie that did helpe to pinch you. 124

96 125 *Fal.* I, tis well! I am your *May-pole*; you haue the start of
mee! Am I ridden too with a wealch goate? with a peece [131
of toasted cheese? 133

Sir Hu. Butter is better then cheese, sir *John*. You are all
100 butter, butter! 134-5

For. There is a further matter yet, sir *John*. There's 20. pound [109

The Merry Wiues of Windsor.

Flannell! Ignorance it selfe is a plummet ore me: vse me as you will! 155

Ford. Marry, Sir, wee'l bring you to *Windfor*, to one *Maister Brooke*, that you haue cozon'd of money, to whom you should haue bin a Pander. Ouer and aboue that you haue suffer'd, I thinke, to repay that money will be a biting affliction. 160

Page. Yet be cheerefull, Knight! Thou shalt eat a posset to night at my house, wher I will desire thee to laugh at my wife, that now laughs at thee. Tell her, *Maister Slender* hath married her daughter. 164

Mist. Page. Doctors doubt that! If *Anne Page* be my daughter, she is (by this,) Doctour *Caius* wife. 166

*Enter Slender.**

Slen. Whoa hoe, hoe! Father *Page*! 167

Page. Sonne! How now? How now, Sonne? Hauē you dispatch'd? 169

Slen. 'Dispatch'd'! Ile make the best in *Glostershire* know on't! Would I were hang'd, la; else!

*166. *Enter Slender*] Q.

you borrowed of Maister Brooke, Sir John, and it must be paid [109 to Maister Ford, Sir John! 159-60

104 *Mi. For.* Nay, husband, let that go to make amends!

Forgiue that sum! and so weel all be friends!

For. Well, here is my hand, all's forgiuen at last!

Fal. It hath cost me well: I haue bene well pinched and washed.

Enter the Doctor.

108 *Mi. Pa.* Now, Maister Doctor! 'sonne,' I hope you are. 190

Doct. 'Sonne'! begar, you be de ville woman! Begar, *I tinck* [192 to marry Metres An; and, begar, tis a whorson garson, *Jack boy*!

Mis. Pa. How? a 'boy'?

112 *Doct.* I, begar, a boy! 195

Pa. Nay, be not angry, wife! Ile tell thee true:

It was my plot to e'en deceiue thee so;

And by this time, your daughter's marriēd 166, 164

116 *To Master Slender;* and see where he comes! 163

Enter Slender.

¶ Now, sonne *Slender*, where's your bride? 168

Slen. 'Bride'! by Gods lyd, I thinke theres never a man in [176 the worell hath that crosse fortune that I haue! Begod, I could cry 120 for verie anger!

V. v. 154-171.] 108

The Merry Wiues of Windfor.

Page. Of what, sonne ?

172

Slen. I came yonder, at *Eaton*, to marry Mistris *Anne* [173
Page; and she's a great lubberly boy ! If it had not bene
i'th Church, I would haue swing'd him, or hee shoule haue
swing'd me. If I did not thinke it had beene *Anne* [176
Page, would I might neuer stirre ! and 'tis a Post-masters
Boy !

Page. Vpon my life then, you tooke the wrong !

179

Slen. What neede you tell me that ? I think so, when I
tooke a Boy for a Girle. If I had bene married to him, (for
all he was in womans apparrell,) I would not haue had him.

Page. Why this is your owne folly. Did not I tell you
how you shoule know my daughter, by her garments ?

184

Slen. I went to her in **white**, and cried 'Mum', and the
cride 'budget', as *Anne* and I had appointed; and yet it was
not *Anne*, but a Post-masters boy !

187

Mistris Page. Good *George*, be not angry ! I knew of your
purpose : turn'd my daughter into **greene**, and indeede she is
now with the Doctor at the *Deanrie*, and there married.

190

* Enter the Doctor (**CAIUS**.)

Cai. Ver is Mistris *Page* ? ¶ By gar, I am cozened ! I ha
married oon *Garsoon* ! a boy ! oon pefant, by gar ! A boy !
it is not *An Page* ! by gar, I am cozened !

Mistris Page. VVhy ? did you take her in **greene** ?

194

Cai. I, bee gar ! and 'tis a boy ! Be gar, Ile raiſe all
Windſor !

[Exit.

Ford. This is ſtrange ! Who hath got the right *Anne* ?

Page. My heart miſgives me ! Here comes *Maſter Fenton*.

185. **white**] *Pope.* **greene** F. 189, 194. **greene**] *Pope.* **white** F.

*190-91. Enter . . .] Q.

Pa. Why, what's the matter, sonne *Slender* ?

172

Slen. 'Sonne' I nay, by God, I am none of your 'son' !

Pa. No ? why so ?

124 *Slen.* Why, so God ſaue me, tis a boy that I haue married !

Pa. How ! 'a boy' ? why, did you miſtake the word ? 168, 183

Slen. No, neither ; for I came to her in **red** (as you bad me,) and
I cried 'mum,' and hee cried 'budget,' ſo well as euer you [185
128 heard ; and I haue married him !

181

Sir Hu. Ieshu, Maſter Slender ! cannot you ſee but marrie boyes ?

Pa. O, I am vext at hart ! what ſhal I do ?

The Merry Wiues of Windsor.

Enter FENTON and ANNE.*

¶ How now, Master Fenton ? 199
Anne. Pardon, good Father ! ¶ Good my Mother, pardon !
Page. Now, Mistris ! How chance you went not with
Master Slender ? 202
Mist. Page. Why went you not with Master Doctor, maid ?
Fen. You do amaze her : heare the truth of it !
You would haue married her most shamefully,
Where there was no proportion held in loue. 206
The truth is, she and I (long fince contracted,)
Are now so fure, that nothing can dissolue vs.
Th'offence is holy, that she hath committed ;
And this deceit looses the name of craft, 210
Of disobedience, or vnduteous title,
Since therein she doth euitate and shun
A thousand irreligious curfēd houres,
Which forced marriage would haue brought vpon her. 214
Ford. Stand not amaz'd ! here is no remedie !
In Loue, the heauens themselues do guide the state ;
Money buyes Lands, and wiues are sold by fate. 217
Fal. I am glad, though you haue tane a special stand to
strike at me, that your Arrow hath glanc'd. 219

*198. Enter . . .] Q.

Enter Fenton and Anne.

Mis. Pa. Here comes the man that hath deceived vs all : 198
¶ How now, daughter ! where haue you bin ? 199, 201
133 An. At Church,¹ forsooth.
Pa. 'At Church' ! what haue you done there ?
Fen. Married to me. Nay, sir, neuer storne !
Tis done, sir, now ; and cannot be vndone. 221
137 Ford. Ifaith, Master Page, neuer chafe your selfe !
She hath made her choise wheras her hart was fixt ;
Then, tis in vaine, for you to storne or fret.
140 Fal. I am glad yet that your arrow hath glanced. 218, 219
Mi. For. Come, mistris Page, Ile be bold with you :
142 Tis pitie to part loue that is so true ! 216
Mis. Pa. Altho that I haue missed in my intent,
Yet I am glad my husbands match was crossed.
¶ Here, Master Fenton ! take her ! and God giue thee ioy ! 220
146 Sir Hu. Come, Master Page, you must needs agree !

¹ Curch Q.

110

The Merry Wiues of Windsor.

Page. Well! what remedy? ¶ *Fenton!* ‘Heauen giue thee
joy!’ What cannot be eschew’d, must be embrac’d. 221

Fal. When night-dogges run, all sorts of ‘Deere’ are chac’d.

Mist. Page. Well, I will muse no further! ¶ *Master Fenton,*
Heauen giue you many, many merry dayes!

¶ Good husband, let vs every one go home, 225
And laugh this sport ore by a Countrie fire;

¶ *Sir John* ¶ and all!

Ford. Let it be so! ¶ *Sir John,*
To ‘Master Brooke’ you yet shall hold your word,
For he, to night, ‘shall lye with Mistris Ford.’ [Exeunt. 229]

Fo. I yfaith, sir, come! you see your wife is wel pleased:

Pa. I cannot tel; and yet my hart’s well eased;

And yet it doth me good, the Doctor missed.

150 ¶ *Come hither, Fenton!* ¶ and, come hither, daughter!

Go to! you might haue staid for my good will;

But since your chiose is made of one you loue,

153 ¶ *Here, take her, Fenton!* & both happye prove!

Sir Hu. I wil also dance, & eat plums, at your weddings.

Ford. All parties pleased, now let vs in to feast,

156 And laugh at *Slender*, and the Doctors ieast. 226

He hath got the maiden, ¶ each of you a boy

197

158 *To waite upon you, so ‘God giue you ioy!* 220-1, 224

¶ *And, sir John Falstaffe, now shal you keep your word,* 227-8

160 For ‘Brooke’ this night ‘shall lye with mistris Ford.’ 229

[Exit omnes.

F I N I S.

NOTES.

I. i. 76. 'Out-run on Cotsall.' An allusion to the annual games held on the Cotswold Hills ; this passage has been wrongly stated to be a proof that the play was written after the accession of James I, when they are said to have been founded by Robert Dover. There is abundant evidence to show, however, that they were only *revived* by Dover after a temporary discontinuance.

I. i. 135. 'two Edward Shouelboords,' *i. e.* two of the broad shillings of Edward VI (cp. Quarto reading), which were constantly used for the popular diversion of shovel-board or shove-groat. Gifford quotes from Taylor's *Travels of Twelve-pence*—

'For why with me the vnthrifts every day,
With my face downwards do at shoue-board play.'

Taylor notes—'Edw. shillings for the most part are vsed at shoue-board.'

I. i. 151. Scarlet and John were two associates of Robin Hood. The reference is to Bardolph's redness of face, a subject which forms an opportunity for several of Falstaff's sallies in *Henry IV*, Part I and Part II.

I. i. 156. 'Conclusions past the Car-eires.' This passage has been variously interpreted. It may be suggested that Car-eires simply means 'courses,' the whole meaning 'matters passed over their courses,' or 'the result was as might have been expected.' Cp. Dekker, *Lanthorne and Candle-light*, chap. vii.—'These rank-riders sildome goe under sixe or seaven in a company, and these Careeres they fetch.'

I. i. 266. Sackerson was the name of a famous bear exhibited in Paris Garden ; it seems that these animals were often called after their keepers. In the forty-third epigram of Sir John Davies occur the lines—

'And rightly, too, on him this filth doth fall
Which for such filthy sports his booke forsakes
Leaving old Ploydyn, Dyer, Brooke alone
To see old Harry Hunkes and Sacarson.'

I. iv. 21. 'Cain-coloured.' Beards were frequently described by comparing them to the customary colours of the beards of various well-known characters exhibited in tapestry. Thus Cain was represented with a sandy-coloured, and Judas with a red, beard. Middleton refers to 'a goodly long thick Abram-coloured beard'

Notes.

in *Blurt, Master Constable*, and the same epithet is found in *Soliman and Perseda*.

II. i. 196. 'In these times you stand on distance,' etc. Referring to the ridiculous technicalities which had been introduced in works professing to expound the theory of the duel, such as *Vincentio Saviola his Practise*. The same book is satirically alluded to in *Love's Labour's Lost* and *Romeo and Juliet*. Various academies, too, were set up, and the 'correct' method of duelling taught. Some of the most amusing scenes in Jonson's *Every Man in his Humour* have these foibles as their butt.

II. ii. 16. 'Your manor of Pict-hatch.' Pict-hatch was situated in Clerkenwell, and was famous for the houses of low repute that abounded there. In the prologue to T. M.'s *Black Book, Lucifer* states that he will bequeath legacies

'To copper-captains and Pict-hatch commanders,
To all infectious catch-polls through the town.'

III. i. 15. 'To shallow rivers.' Sir Hugh quotes somewhat inaccurately from Marlowe's *Passionate Shepherd to his Love* ('Come, live with me and be my love'), first printed in the *Passionate Pilgrim* as Shakespeare's, but assigned to Marlowe in *England's Helicon*. The correct version is—

'By shallow rivers, to whose falls
Melodious birds sing madrigals.'

And I will make thee beds of roses
And a thousand fragrant posies.'

III. iii. 13. Datchet Mead was an open meadow in Shakespeare's time, instead of being divided into small fields as it was a hundred years later. This and other interesting details with regard to the topography of the play may be found in Tighe and Davis' *Annals of Windsor*, which contains a copy of Norden's map of the locality originally published in 1607.

III. iii. 23. Jack-a-lent appears to have been a puppet set up during Lent for boys to throw stones at. Cp. the *City Gallant*—'If a boy that is throwing at his Jack-a-lent, chance to hit me on the shins, why, I say nothing but Tu quoque,' etc.

III. iii. 62. 'Like Bucklers-berry in simple time.' Bucklersbury was chiefly inhabited by medicine-vendors and spicers. In Middleton's *Chaste Maid in Cheapside* Allwit complains that had his wife not been checked in her excessive consumption of sweetmeat all his estate would have been buried in Bucklersbury.

III. v. 23. 'Good morrow.' There is a confusion of time here. This scene appears to take place early in the morning about eight o'clock, yet Mrs. Quickly was sent to Falstaff immediately after his dispatch in the buck-basket at about eleven in the morning. Obviously a day must be supposed to elapse.

Notes.

IV. v. 62. 'Like three Doctor Faustuses.' Alluding of course to Marlowe's famous play in which a horse-courser receives a drenching when he attempts to cross a river, contrary to Faustus' injunctions, on his newly-purchased steed, which disappears from under him by magic as soon as the water is entered.

V. i. 20-21. 'I fear not . . . shuttle.' Two passages of the Old Testament are alluded to here—'The staff of Goliath was like a weaver's beam' (2 Sam. xxi. 19), 'My days are swifter than a weaver's shuttle' (Job vii. 6).

V. v. 56. 'Strew good luck, ouphes,' etc. The same duty is prescribed by Oberon to the fairies who visit the palace of Theseus at the close of *Midsummer Night's Dream*—

'Euery Fairy take his gate
And each seuerall chamber blesse
Through this palace with sweete peace !
And the owner of it blest
Euer shall in safety rest.'

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